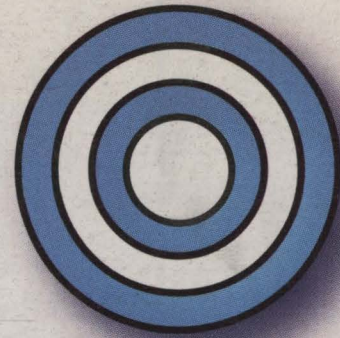


the other press

<http://otherpress.douglas.bc.ca>

MAY, 2003



SUMMER ISSUE #1

The Douglas College ~~autonomous~~ student newspaper since 1976

The Mighty Thor

Still Triumphant
After All These Years

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No Fun for You Sucka!
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The Other Press is Douglas College's autonomous student newspaper.

The Other Press is run as a collective and is published weekly during the fall and winter semesters, and monthly (as a magazine) during the summer.

We receive our funding from a student levy collected every semester at registration, and from local and national advertising revenue. The Other Press is a member of the

Canadian University Press (CUP), a cooperative of student newspapers from across Canada. We adhere to CUP's Statement of Common Principles and Code of Ethics—except when it suits us not to. The Other Press reserves the right to choose what to publish, and will not publish material that is racist, sexist or homophobic. Submissions may be edited for clarity and brevity if necessary.

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From The Editor



Editors past and present
Adam Honsinger and Jennifer Aikman Look

Another summer, another editor. Bear with me, people, as I gingerly step into our former editor's shoes and try them on for size. Mind you, I'm more of a stiletto kind of girl as compared with Adam's well-worn army boots. This is where the changes begin. Spring-boarding off the accomplishments of Adam, I am steering the Other Press in a new direction. Well, perhaps not so new—more of a return to the paper's roots. We're getting back to basics. Good people working together to make a good paper and having a hell of a lot of fun doing it. We would like to invite you all along for the ride.

We have new staff, a new look, and a renewed commitment to the students of Douglas College and the community. Seek us out in the bowels of the college (room 1020)—we love visitors. I think Pee Wee posed the eternal question best, "Is there something you would like to share with the rest of us, Amazing Larry?!" Tell us what you like, what you hate. Write for us. We will adore you.

—Jennifer Aikman Look

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The Other Press Submission Guidelines

The weekly deadline for submissions is Wednesday at 6:00p.m. for publication the following Wednesday. Letters to the Editor, vacant sections and "time sensitive" articles (weekend news or sports and cultural reviews) will be accepted until Saturday midnight and can be submitted to the editor, Jennifer Aikman

Look at: the_editor57@hotmail.com

All other submissions should be forwarded to the appropriate section editor below. Please include your name, phone number/email address, and the word count, and submit via email as an MS Word.doc attachment to the attention of the appropriate editor.

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Great Bear Rainforest Agreement Receives Failing Grades

Sara James
News Editor

In April, Greenpeace and three other environmental groups released their second annual Great Bear Rainforest Agreement Report Card. The BC Liberal government received failing grades for lack of support for the 2001 agreement. ForestEthics, Rainforest Action Network, Sierra Club of Canada, BC Chapter, and Greenpeace, graded the government on six principle components of the accord: Protection, Credible Science, Ecological Planning and Management, Managing Change, First Nations Rights and Title, and Forest Policy. All four of the environmental groups were involved in the shaping of the landmark consensus.

Joy MacPhail, leader of the provincial NDP, said the 2003 Report Card is "a very accurate reflection of this government's approach to the environment." She feels the Liberals are "holding up the agreement" process while all other interested parties are doing their part. MacPhail believes the crucial land-use plan must be resolved in the spirit of the original agreement.

Asked what she feels should be the government's first step toward the agreement, she answered, "Get to the Planning Table, now, with resources."

On April 4, 2001, environmental groups, First Nations, coastal communities, logging companies, workers, and the then NDP government reached an historical consensus to protect major valleys in the Great Bear Rainforest and to suspend logging in Option Areas. At the same time, the government entered into a land-use planning agreement with north and central coast First Nations.

The Great Bear Rainforest stretches almost 500 kilometres along BC's central and northern coast. Approximately seven million hectares, it is home to eagles, grizzlies, coastal wolves, and wild salmon runs. The rainforest's most endangered inhabitant

is the Kermode or "Spirit Bear." A creamy white variety of the black bear, they number less than 400, and are only found in three small pockets within the rainforest.

The accord included the creation of a 96,458-hectare Spirit Bear protection area, ensuring the safety of the few remaining Kermodes.

The landmark 2001 agreement was hailed by those involved in its development.

One element of the agreement was the creation of the Coast Information Team (CIT) of independent scientists. Environmental groups, forestry companies, and the provincial government funded \$1.5 million of the \$3.2 million budget for the team. The CIT mandate is to acquire and analyze data to assist in the implementation of an ecosystem-based land-use plan.

The 2003 Report Card gave a "C+" to the CIT team's progress. It cited a lack of funding and governmental delays in the delivery of critical data as the causes for the team being behind schedule.

Greenpeace Forest Campaigner, Catherine Stewart, blamed the delays on technical challenges—a result of slashed ministry and technical expertise funding.

The government was given a "D-" in Protection because of its lack of commitment to extend Orders in Council (OIC) interim protection of Option Areas. OIC's prohibit logging and development in specific areas within the rainforest. In response to the failing grade, Minister of Water, Land, and Air Protection, Joyce Murray reiterated that the government did enact OIC.

When asked about the future of the Option Areas, Murray said there were a couple of possibilities; they could be protected or be subject to ecosystem-based logging. She admitted that ecosystem-

based logging had yet to be defined.

Murray called the 2003 Report Card a "negative interpretation of positive initiatives" for BC's central coast. She feels the government's inclusion of First Nations, in the land-use planning process, is a reflection of the Liberal's commitment to sustainable resource management. Murray seemingly forgot that the NDP were in power during the negotiations that led to the agreement, negotiations that included First Nations.

Ecological Planning and Management received an "F," the lowest grade on the Report Card. One reason was negotiations between coastal First Nations and the government would begin before land-use planning is complete. Another reason was continued clear-cutting in the Great Bear Rainforest. Murray's response was that there was "never a promise of no logging outside of protection areas."

The 2003 Report Card takes issue with continued logging practices. It refers to the results of an analysis of logging company practices by the David Suzuki Foundation, Global Forest Watch, and Raincoast Conservation Society. Compiled data revealed logging companies have yet to practice "conservation" and "sustainability."

The other three grades on the Report Card were "B-" for Managing Change, "D" for First Nations Rights and Title, and "D-" for Forest Policy. All six grades were based upon twelve benchmarks used to measure the government's progress in implementing the 2001 Great Bear Rainforest Agreement. The grades were slightly improved over the previous year's Report Card, which gave the provincial government an "F" in two categories, Protection and First Nations Rights and Title.

Results of the 2003 Report Card are available at www.savethegreatbear.org.

Federal Government Committed to Finding Students Summer Jobs

Sara James
News Editor

On May 02, 2003, at the National Rural Youth Conference held in Ontario, the Federal government re-stated its commitment to assist youth in obtaining summer employment. The announcement reminded youth attending the conference, of the Student Summer Job Action (SSJA) program launched in January of this year by Minister of Human Resources Development Canada (HRDC), Jane Stewart.

The SSJA program falls under the Youth Employment Strategy (YES), which was constructed to generate summer employment opportunities for students. The Government of Canada is committing \$120 million to the creation of job opportunities for secondary and post-secondary students between the ages of 15 and 30. YES assists student in finding both summer and year-round employment. In addition, YES is designed to help employers create a learning environment for youth.

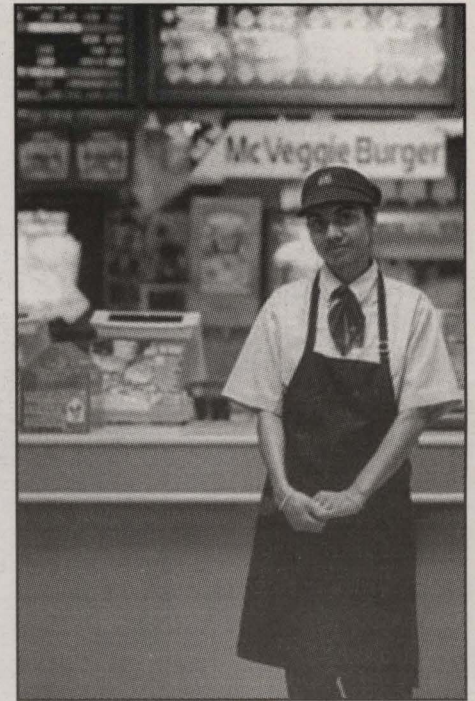
One major component of the Student Summer Job Action is HRDC's Summer Career Placements (SCP) program, which provides wage subsidies to employers who provide career-related employment for young

adults in school. The SCP program is so popular that the government cannot guarantee funding to all applicants. This year alone, the program hopes to assist in the development of more than 50,000 work experience jobs.

SSJA is part of the government's Skills and Learning agenda, which was created to assist in providing the future with a knowledgeable and skilled work force. The government-initiated agenda is under Canada's Innovation Strategy, launched in 2002. The Strategy's aim is to make Canada one of the world's most innovative countries. The government feels that assisting Canadian youth in becoming the best the world has to offer is one a vital component in achieving this objective.

Funding for YES programs was included in the February budget. Summer Career Placements funding by HRDC has been reviewed to confirm that the Department has complied with all rules and regulations that are a part of such programs.

Students and employers can access Youth Employment Strategy programs, services, and information at <youth.gc.ca>.



SARS Patients in Asia Suffering Relapses

Jennifer Aikman Look
OP Contributor

Despite the global efforts of scientists, SARS has mutated in Asia and is possibly re-infecting patients discharged from hospital. Doctors at the Chinese University of Hong Kong have reported at least two new strains of the disease. These mutations may account for at least a dozen reported relapses suffered by discharged patients in Hong Kong.

According to recent statistics, SARS has killed over 400 people worldwide, with China being hardest hit. There are 181 reported deaths and over 3,800 people infected in Asia alone. China has ordered school closures in Beijing in an effort to prevent the spread of the disease. The outbreak has caused social and financial hardship that has yet to be measured.

In contrast, Health Canada has reported 326 probable cases and 23 deaths. Canadian scientists are watching China carefully, paying special attention to the two new strains. No new strains have been found in Canada so far, but officials are still concerned over recent discoveries about the disease. German scientists have reported that the SARS virus can survive on hard surfaces for

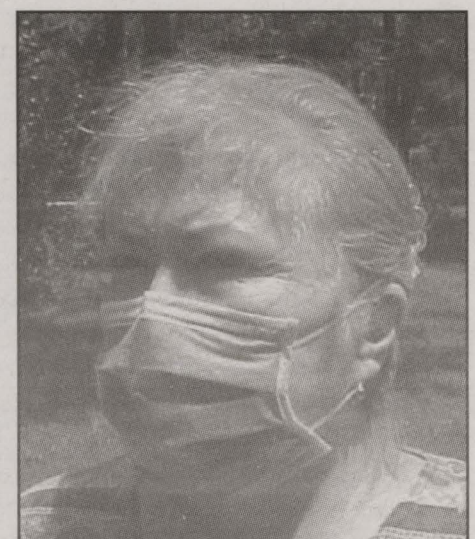
upwards of 24 hours and in human feces for as long as four days. The virus' symptoms also seem to have altered, with the infected experiencing diarrhea rather than just respiratory failure.

Canadian doctors are concerned that with the virus mutating, it will become difficult to develop a way to detect SARS. Existing research has relied on identifying the genetic structure of the virus. If the genetic structure is changing, it becomes difficult to create a single detection test. It also seriously hampers efforts to develop an effective vaccine.

The only positive news that has emerged regarding SARS is the hope that warm weather may cause the virus to break down and give scientists some time to get the upper hand.

Right now the best advice for the general public is to wash your hands frequently and stay informed.

If you have any questions or concerns about SARS, visit the Government of BC's Health Planning website at <<http://www.healthplanning.gov.bc.ca/pho/sars.html>>.



Douglas College Student Wins EAC Graduating Scholarship



Beverly Greene

B.S. Greene
OP Contributor

On April 9, 2003 Douglas College student Beverly Greene was awarded the first annual Editors Association of Canada, British Columbia, Print Futures Graduating Scholarship. In front of the packed crowd attending the annual Print Futures portfolio show held in the Amelia Douglas Gallery, Program Coordinator Maureen Nicholson announced the winner of the \$500 graduating scholarship. The announcement included comments from Ms. Greene's instructors, who had voted her to be the award's first winner.

The award, to be offered once a year, is given to the graduating student voted by the Print Futures instructors as having contributed the most to the program, both in academic excellence and in leadership abilities. As a graduating scholarship, the money is not required to be spent on tuition.

After hearing her name announced, the stunned Ms. Greene said, "Five hundred dollars just for graduating is great, but hearing such wonderful praise from my instructors meant so much more than the money ever could."

While Ms. Greene may have been surprised, her classmates were not. Echoing the sentiments of several other students, fellow portfolio show participant Bryan Johnson said, "If you had polled the class, you would have gotten the same result."

The portfolio show is an annual event for students in the Print Futures program. Nineteen students participated in this year's show, displaying their writing, editing, and design work for prospective employers, family, and other Print Futures students. While the shows always garner a respectable turnout, this year's event was particularly well attended.

To learn more about the Print Futures program or the annual portfolio shows, you can visit their website at <www.douglas.bc.ca/pf/>. Prospective students may also want to visit the student produced "Print Futures Survival Guide" at <www.douglas.bc.ca/pf/survivalguide/>.

Tim Hortons

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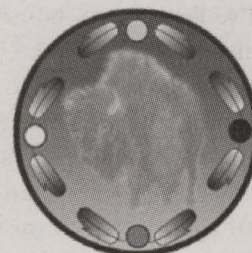
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Broad's Eye View

J.A.L.

Op Columnist



Hello possums. This is my anniversary issue. It was one year ago that the first Broad's Eye View was published and here I sit with no cake—not even a bloody balloon. Well fortunately, I'm accustomed to celebrating alone. Or is that drinking alone? No matter. I suppose I should take a moment to reflect... Okay, there goes 30 seconds of my life, I'll never recover. Basically, it's been fun. And to anyone who bothers to read this column, good on ya. You are likely fabulously attractive and great fun at parties. If I could, I would gather all four of you close to my bosom and show my appreciation. But, really I haven't large enough breasts and let's face it—that would just be weird.

The past year has sped by. Except for a plethora of new reality television shows, a war and the fact that I've lost ten pounds, it's been uneventful. To keep myself entertained, I've turned to online smut. I spend upwards of eight hours a day on a computer, supposedly working. To keep sane I check my email every 30 seconds, harass people on MSN Messenger and cruise for porn. During my cyber travels, I have learned a few valuable lessons. Here's a good one—don't click on any button that offers free passwords into a porn site. I spent an afternoon feverishly battling pop-ups on the OP computer, terrified another staffer was going to walk in and find me sitting in front of a monitor sparkling with donkey sex. Not fun.

I've also become much more of a discerning smut aficionado. I quickly tired of the slabs of super-tanned flesh spreading their industry-groomed wares. I ran into a lot of crazy shit too. There's this one site where these creepy guys wearing nothing but construction boots defecate into the mouths of elderly women. I would like very much to send my eyeballs and my psyche out to the cleaners. It haunts me still. And truly, that's just the tip of the iceberg. There are a lot of sickos out there. I mean, I often feel like I'm a bit of degenerate, but a dip into the online cess pool of porno and I'm lily-white purity in comparison.

So, why am I telling you this? Of course anyone with access to a computer and a sex-drive has had similar experiences; I'm not telling you anything you don't already know. I simply want to help you navigate the sleaze a bit.

There really is some palatable smut out there. I have my favourites. <www.SuicideGirls.com> is a great site with gorgeous girls. I guess I like it, because first of all, the women are so very lovely to look at and secondly, they aren't all caramelized and fuzzy. These are real women and they are hot. They don't have that "oh no, I'm being fucked" look on their faces either. Ranging from all-out tough sexy to innocent and pretty—the Suicide Girls provide a nice curvy place to rest on the bobbing sea of filth out there.

Another site I love is <www.RetroRaunch.com>. This site satisfies the voyeur and the vintage junkie in me. I find I identify with the bodies of the women on this site, more than I do with the buff and tanned physiques of modern cheesecake. There is something kind of innocent about most of the pictures, even when the subject is two scantily clad women spanking each other. Check it out and I think you'll understand what I mean.

Finally, as far as naughty web journals go—the Dirty Whore Diary <www.dirtywhore.blogspot.com> tickles my fancy and keeps me coming back



for more. Delightfully candid, unapologetically dirty and really quite a turn on—this self-professed dirty whore's words impress me. I won't bother explaining—it's best you just follow the link. The Dirty Whore really says it best.

Why all the porno talk? I dunno, guess it's on the brain lately. And I feel if you're interested, you should take my advice and bypass some of the shite out there and check out what I find to be enjoyable. You can feel free to disagree with me. Get on your knees and pray for me or consider me a prude and scurry off to your bookmarked Tiny Teens site. The choice is yours.

Oh and I just love the word "Porno." Much better than "Porn" or "Pornography." "Porno" just sounds so 70s cheese. Especially when used in a grammatically incorrect fashion. Instead of "I heart Porn," try "I heart Porno." Isn't that fun?

Looking forward to another year with y'all. *swak*

Send your warm fuzzies and cold pricklies to: <broadeyeview@hotmail.com>.

The Starving Student



Mother Hubbard
OP Recipe Guru

Summer, summer, summertime, yum, yum, yum. Visions of barbecued chicken and potato salad dance through my head as I contemplate the ethics of bringing a bag of generic cheezies to a potluck. Don't laugh; I've seen it happen. Scared to ask what you can bring in case you get stuck with scallops wrapped in bacon? Don't try to pull off a fast one by bringing nothing and claiming that you have. Hubbard here has a word of warning to those people trying to slink through life cheapening out on friends just as broke as themselves...keep doing it and people will stop inviting you over. While you might not have a lot of cash, it doesn't mean you can socialize for free. Save that for the folks. For friends, there is a way (believe it or not) that you can bring good things that don't cost a bundle.

Vegetable Bread (sounds gross, tastes great)

Ingredients:

One loaf of French bread, sliced in half length-ways
1-8 ounce brick of cream cheese
1 package dried Ranch flavoured salad dressing mix
1/2 cup mayonnaise
1/2 cup chopped broccoli
1/2 cup grated carrots
3 or 4 stalks of chopped green onion
1/2 cup chopped red pepper

Mix the cream cheese together with the mayonnaise and dressing mix. Spread this on the bread. Mix the vegetables together and sprinkle over the cream cheese mix. Cut up the bread into mouth-watering pieces.

Upset after being left out of the raid on Saddam's clubhouse, lil' Chirac, lil' Schröder and their two dorky friends form an alliance.

COOL COUNTRIES CLUB

Hahaha! Together we can rule the Old Europeverse!

First rule: no one named George or Tony can join.



Cartoon by J.J. McCullough

Word Search

Kerry Evans
Opinions Editor

Theme: Summer

B	A	R	B	E	Q	U	E	S	L
E	L	I	O	B	P	C	S	W	A
A	O	C	N	I	I	A	U	I	K
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B	F	I	R	E	W	O	R	K	S
L	V	A	C	A	T	I	O	N	S
E	S	W	I	M	M	I	N	G	X

WORD LIST

ADVENTURE	LOTIONS
BARBEQUES	PARTIES
BEACH	PICNICS
BIKINI	POPSICLE
BONFIRE	SUNBURN
BUGSPRAY	SWIMMING
CAMPING	SWIMSUIT
CONVERTABLE	TAN
FIREWORKS	TENNIS
ICEDTEA	VACATIONS
LAKE	VOLLEYBALL

I Am Woman, Hear Me "Fore!"

Erin Culhane

OP Contributor

When I first heard of Martha Burk, my reaction was a smug, "Oh, get over yourself. Find a cause worth fighting and golf somewhere else."

Burk, the Chairwoman of the National Council of Women's Organizations, has been protesting the men-only membership policy of Augusta National Golf Club, citing it discriminatory. According to *Golf Magazine*, "When she read about Augusta's lack of female members during last year's Masters, Burk realized she had found an issue. But her immediate goal was not gaining publicity. She waited until the next NCWO board meeting and got approval to send (Hootie) Johnson (Augusta's chairman) a letter. 'It was a private letter. I expected a private reply,' she said. Ten minutes after she'd read the letter, a reporter called and read her Johnson's three-page public broadside, in which he insisted that Augusta 'will not be bullied.'"

Burk went ahead and protested the Masters tournament (where good Canadian boy Mike Weir won the green jacket!), and received media coverage—both positive and negative.

Okay, so I'm thinking—there's women-only gyms, why can't there be men-only golf clubs? What's the biggie? Then I heard a caller during a radio program say, "Why would she want to go where she isn't welcome?" Ah-ha. Suddenly I saw the flip side of that argument—why would she let someone's opinion or what she feels is an antiquated policy get in the way of where she wants to go and what she wants to do? Maybe Martha is all right...

I felt a sampling of that what-do-you-mean-I-can't-do-it indignation, while watching a minor hockey game with a group of men—pretty much your typical old boys club. Upon seeing a female on the coaching staff, more than one of them said, "What the hell is a woman doing behind the bench?" C'mon—let's step out of the Stone Age here, fellas. And how about the women's Olympic hockey team? I heard complaints from more than a few men about how "slow" the women's games were. "It's like watching Midget B hockey," said one male friend. 'K, here's a news flash for all the boys—you're bigger, stronger, and faster. We're the

smaller, weaker, slower and far less hairy sex.

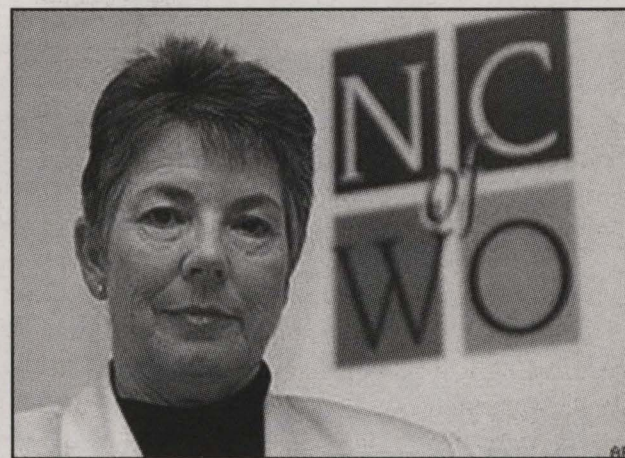
Whenever I start analyzing this stuff, I can't help but think about the issues that face women in other parts of the world, whether they are forbidden to vote or the right to an education, or where they face such atrocities as female circumcision and stonings for having sex outside of marriage. And Martha's all burned up 'cause she can't use her nine iron at Augusta?

As a woman, it's hard to stand far enough back of the issue to really see what it's about. I like to be a person first, before the battle of the sexes turns me into an anything-boys-can-do-girls-can-do-better freak. So if the issue is one of discrimination against women, what about discrimination against men? How come my daughter can join Scouts (when I grew up it was Boy Scouts) but my son can't join Girl Guides? Sometimes it seems like because women were oppressed for so long and denied the rights afforded to men, the hard-core feminist movement will not rest until there is a woman in every position of power and men are walking around pregnant in stilettos, with coifed hair, slaving over a hot stove, and threatening the young 'uns with "You just wait until your mother gets home."

I'm sure Martha is waiting patiently for my blessing, so I'll go ahead and say it—I think she should keep it up. She's actually getting somewhere. According to *USAToday.com*, "Thomas Wyman, former CEO of CBS, turned in his green jacket to protest the lack of women members, before passing away several months ago...And six prominent members wrote letters to Burk saying they supported admitting female members..." And let's face it, Augusta's policy is old and crusty, which is clearly illustrated by the fact that they didn't allow their first black member until 1990. They deserve to get shaken up.

Wow, it's sure challenging to be a woman sometimes...but we can handle it. We are, after all the smarter sex.

Whether you're fanatically feminist, painfully prehistoric or somewhere in between, send your thoughts to <takingissue@telus.net>.



Martha Burk



Summer School Blues

Kerry Evans
Opinions Editor

I have many excuses for a lot of things. I can say that I am going to school in the summer semester because I want to finish my Associate Arts Degree and it would be true. I could say that it's because I want to keep working at the Other Press and I have to be a student to do so and that would also be true. But, the real reason is out there and it's pathetic really.

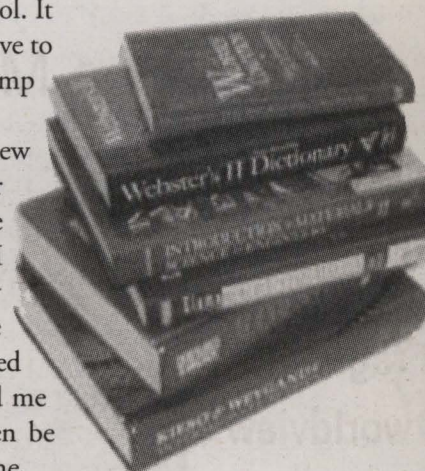
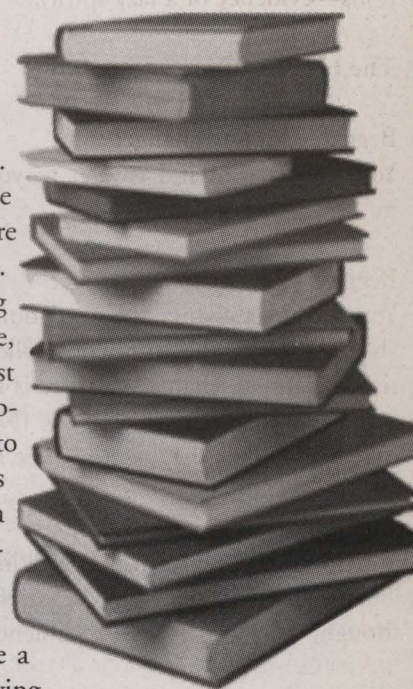
Instead of hitting the pavement and finding a job after graduating from my first diploma, I filled out an application for another student loan and registered for some courses. While I legitimately need them to finish my other diploma, it's not a pressing issue. Now because of my lack of confidence and laziness, I am stuck in school all summer long.

Not only am I stuck in school but I am also taking three classes that hold absolutely no interest for me—all reading intensive, all with midterms and finals, and all with strangers. In my other program I had friends. I had people who shared my dislike for learning in such a structured manner. It's going to be lonely in the back of the class. Playing tic-tac-toe and hangman all alone. No one to write notes with and to snicker about what the teacher is wearing. I know now you are probably thinking that my other diploma must have been from kindergarten. No, it was college. Sadly, I am just really immature

and lack discipline.

Yes, I have the summer school blues. When others will be frolicking at the beach, I'll be at school. When others are going on camping trips, I'll be in class. When others are hungover from the big BBQ bash they attended the night before, I'll be studying—wishing I had really just gotten a job. You know what my real problem is? I am sure many things spring to mind but I'll point one out for you. It's that I am stuck in a rut. I have become a professional student. I like being a student. I like bitching about homework, assignments, and major projects. I like the pressure of working all night before a deadline. I like the freedom of only having to go to school a few hours a day. Another thing is that I live very close to the school. It is so convenient. I don't need a car or have to take transit. It's just a hop, skip, and a jump away.

Maybe, just maybe, I will find a new "school boyfriend," because the other one graduated and went to SFU—the nerve of him. After a mere two years, I was almost ready to talk to him. Stay tuned next month when I dish all the dirt about how I unsuccessfully stalked this poor fella. Until then you will find me moping around the school. I can often be heard complaining so you'll know it's me.



Fun With Bums

J.R. Mints
OP Contributor

One of Vancouver's least appealing aspects is the number of aggressive panhandlers and beggars. Many people consider them lazy and nothing more than a nuisance. The usual tactics for handling beggars, which include averting the eyes, lying that you are broke, or simply ignoring them, can actually make them more persistent and aggressive. But rather than trying to avoid the situation, take advantage of it!

Panhandlers are a mostly untapped wealth of amusement. Just think, a potential oasis of fun in an otherwise dilapidated part of town. Many people never consider beggars to be much fun; so to take full advantage of it. Allow me to divulge a few tactics.

The first tactic is to learn creative ways of answering panhandlers. You will not only amuse yourself, but you may disorient the poor soul so that they cannot



Photo by Kim Meier

persist. Here are some examples (notice the abruptness of the questions—evidence of a lazy spirit):

The Honest Approach

Beggar: Got any change?

You: Yes. But if I gave it to you, no.

Beggar: Got any spare change?

You: Since change is a non-countable noun, I can have only one collective amount of change, so there is no way to have SPARE change. (Not exactly true, but they won't notice.)

Beggar: Got any money to spare?

You: Yes. (And continue walking. This really confuses them. Be careful though; you might invite violence.

Your pockets had better not jingle.)

The Malicious Approach

Beggar: Can you help me out?

You: Ah, I just gave my last \$50 to that person. (Point to the last panhandler who bothered you.)

Beggar: Hey, I need some money!

You: Sorry, I am a Social Darwinist.

The "I'm Stupid" Approach

Beggar: Hey Buddy...

You: Non-hablo Englishio.

The second tactic is to take advantage of their desperation. You may have heard of the Bumfights videos,

but there are plenty of legal and non-violent alternative for exploiting—I mean, employing—the poor. This is not as bad as it sounds. You just need to make them work for their money. After all, you did. Here are some examples:

\$1 to recite the alphabet backwards without making a mistake.

\$2 if they pose for a portrait. Alternatively, if they draw yours. Nothing says art like a bloodstream full of heroin.

\$3 to follow you around town asking for your autograph. Trust me, this will impress everyone a great deal.

Third, just giving away cash can be entertaining—if it is done right. In fact, carrying around a couple rolls of

pennies just in case someone asks for change may be worth the hassle. Try one of the following:

When someone asks for change, say yes and proceed to drop money... not in their empty McDonald's cup, but a few feet away, then another few feet away, until they're following you like little dogs. Supersized desperation!

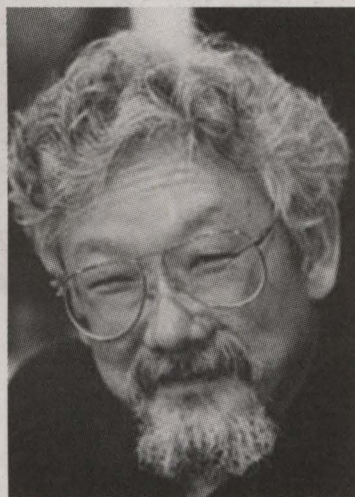
Have a blast by going to an area dense with beggars, and start hurling pennies all over the place. The beggars will go HOG WILD.

Follow all these tips and you will realize what a good time you can have for next to nothing.

Have fun!

Science Matters

by David Suzuki



**Fragmented
worldview
disconnects
us from
nature**

Recently, I took us on an imaginary trip four billion years back in time. The exercise was to show how utterly dependent we all are on nature for our survival. Today, even with all of our modern technologies, we are just as dependent. So why is this connection so often overlooked?

It wasn't always this way. Throughout most of human history, people understood that we are part of the natural world—that everything is connected to everything else and nothing exists in isolation. This understanding was reflected in songs, dances, and stories, which reaffirmed our responsibility to act in ways that will maintain nature's generosity.

It is ironic that today with all of our increased access to information, we no longer seem able to recognize those responsibilities. Our worldview has

been shattered, and I think the greatest challenge we face will be putting the pieces back together. To do that, we have to examine the factors that have fragmented the world in the first place.

One is the way we live. In 1900, the global population was 1.5 billion people with only 16 cities having more than a million people, the largest being London with 6.5 million. The vast majority of us lived in rural villages. We were an agrarian species. Today, there are more than 400 cities with more than a million and the ten largest each has more than 11 million.

We have become a large-city dweller and in this environment, it is no longer obvious that we still depend on nature. Processed food bears little resemblance to its biological origins and seasons no longer restrict our food, which comes from all parts of Earth. Few reflect on the source of our energy or water, the final destiny of garbage or sewage, or the ecological consequences of our lifestyles. We simply pay for those services with money, as if that were the end of the story.

The way we receive information has also become fragmented. Newspapers, magazines, television, and computers all fight to attract and hold our attention. Armed with remote controls, television viewers zip through dozens of channels at a few seconds each. To hold a potential viewer, programs must be louder, more sensational, sexier or more violent. News reports come at us in brief snippets devoid of history or context that explain what they mean.

Modern science also contributes to fragmentation by the very methodology of focusing on a part of nature, isolating it, controlling all outside forces

, and measuring the result. In the process, we acquire powerful insights into the properties of that fragment, but this is gained at the expense of the rhythms, cycles and patterns that are crucial to our understanding of it.

Zoologists, for example, once believed that studying chimpanzees in a cage would reveal everything about the animal. But when Jane Goodall watched chimps in their natural habitat, she discovered completely different creatures—intelligent, creative, social, co-operative, competitive. Context is everything—separate and isolate a part from the whole and what we see is an artifact, an aberration. Over and over, biologists find that nature is not a mechanical entity like a clock. It is possible to isolate and study the components of an ant colony, for example—the queen, workers, soldiers, and so on. But in a nest, patterns of behaviour emerge that cannot be predicted by simply adding together the characteristics of the individual groups. Ants are not little robots or automatons, they are not preprogrammed to behave in completely predictable ways.

Despite these insights and the growth of systems analysis, which attempts to examine the whole rather than parts, we still largely focus on pieces and lose sight of the complete picture. It is a flawed and ultimately destructive way of examining the world around us. It fragments our worldview, and to live sustainably within the limits of the ecosystems that support us, we have to put the pieces back together.

To discuss this topic with others, visit the discussion forum at <www.davidsuzuki.org>.

What's On Around Town

Amanda Aikman
Culture Editor

Theatre

Dial M for Murder

A provocative prescription for a suspenseful summer. Directed by Bill Millerd
May 8th–June 15th, Stanley Theatre
Tickets at Ticketmaster, 604-280-4444

The Sound of Music

Royal City Musical Theatre Company presents the critically acclaimed and much-beloved musical, *The Sound of Music*. Special Mother's Day weekend presentation. May 9th–11th, Bell Centre for Performing Arts in Surrey
For more information visit <www.royalcitymusicaltheatre.com>

The Pirates of Penzance

This colourful and entertaining show is one of the most popular works of Gilbert & Sullivan.
May 21st–June 1st, Surrey Arts Centre Studio Theatre
Tickets \$20 at the SAC Box Office, 604-501-5566

Fully Committed

Founding member of Kids in the Hall, Mark McKinney, comes to Vancouver with his deliciously funny and entertaining portrayal of an out-of-work actor/reservations clerk at one of New York's hottest restaurants.
May 22nd–June 28th, Granville Island Stage, Arts Club Theatre
For more information visit <www.artsclub.com>

Golden Child

Obie-award winning playwright, David Henry

Hwang's epic tale of a Chinese family balancing between East and West, old and new, tradition and change.
May 2nd–25th, Firehall Arts Centre
For more information visit <www.firehallartscentre.ca>

Pizzaman

Silly Monkey Productions presents this hilarious dark comedy about two women who have lost control of their lives and minds and decide to unleash their aggressions on the unassuming pizza delivery guy. Contains nudity, coarse language and men being tied up.
May 14th–June 1st, Havana Theatre
Tickets \$15. For more information call 604-782-3937.

Musical

Kyoto Jazz Massive
Bossa Electronic Jazz pioneers in Japan since the late 1980s, brothers Shuya and Yoshiro Okino bring their unique jazz-fusion sound to Vancouver.
May 8th, 10p.m., Sonar
For more information visit <www.coastaljazz.ca>

La Boheme

Vancouver Opera presents Giacomo Puccini's tragic tale of love and loss in 19th century Paris' Latin Quarter.
May 3, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14, 8p.m., Queen Elizabeth Theatre
Tickets at Ticketmaster, 604-280-3311

On With the Show

The Maple Leaf Singers per-

form Broadway show tunes by the likes of George Gershwin, Richard Rodgers, Cole Porter, and Andrew Lloyd Webber.
May 9th and 10th, 8p.m., Massey Theatre in New Westminster
Tickets \$15/12 at Ticketmaster, 604-280-4444

Organ Solos Duos

Organists Denis Bédard and Rachel Alflatt perform duets by Charles Callahan and Bédard.
May 9th, 8p.m., Holy Rosary Cathedral
For more information call 604-682-6774.

Concerts

Veda Hille, Christine Fellows, John K. Samson
Three talented Canadian singer/songwriters take the stage at the Railway. And who said there were no good shows in Vancouver these days? Oh yeah, that was me. Prove me wrong people, prove me wrong.
May 11th, The Railway Club
For information call 604-681-1625

Lyle Lovett/John Hiatt/Joe Ely/Guy Clark

American roots-music legends take over the Orpheum Theatre for one night only.
May 22nd, 8p.m., Orpheum Theatre
Tickets at Ticketmaster, 604-280-4444

My Morning Jacket
Kentucky rockers, My Morning Jacket, return to Vancouver in support of their latest CD, *At Dawn*.

With guests Burning Brides and Detachment Kit.
May 23rd, 7p.m., Richard's on Richards
Tickets \$13.50 and fees at Ticketmaster, 604-820-4444

The Flaming Lips/Modest Mouse (with Liz Phair, Destroyer, and Starlight Mints)

Is this for real? Get your tickets now, before you wake up.
May 25th, 6:30p.m., Plaza of Nations
Tickets \$35+fees at Ticketmaster, 604-280-4444

NewMusicWest 2003

Tis the season. Get your wristbands early and be prepared to start hunting for diamonds in the rough. This year's five days of festivities include performances by Tokyo Marine Fire, Mariana's Trench, Young and Sexy, Reuben, Three Inches of Blood, and scores of others.
May 21st–25th, various times and locations
For more information visit <www.newmusicwest.com>

Misc.

Unleashed and Unashamed: The VECC 2003 Youth Week Festival
Music, theatre, dance, film, and art by and for youth.
May 5th–10th, Vancouver East Cultural Centre
Tickets at Ticketmaster, 604-280-3311

Art Date

Win a date with an artiste! Gala fundraiser for Or Gallery, emceed by Robert Dayton. Local artists includ-

ing Rodney Graham, Liz Magor, Ken Lum, and Brian Jungen will auction off opportunities to accompany them for an hour at the gym, a walk on the beach, an evening of bowling, etc.
May 15th, 8p.m., Richard's on Richards
Tickets \$10 advance/\$12 at the door. For more information call 604-683-7395

Powwow

Surrey Aboriginal Cultural Society presents their Seventh Annual Traditional Powwow. Featuring West Coast dance groups, Metis and First Nations entertainment, Princess Pageant and Warrior Competition.
May 16th–19th, Cloverdale Rodeo and Exhibition Fair
For more information phone 604-599-4795, or email info@sacsbc.org

Vancouver International Children's Festival
Annual festival features music, theatre, and performing arts from around the world. Performance this year by Australia's Flying Fruit Fly Circus, Fred Penner, Axis Theatre Company, and many more.
May 26th–June 1st, Vanier Park
Tickets at Ticketmaster, 604-280-4444
For more information visit <www.childrensfestival.ca>

Fanboy's Corner

Excel Saga Volume 5



Released by: ADV
Running Time: 100
Minutes

Nick Hogg
OP Game Guy

With only a handful of *Excel Saga* episodes left there is still no plot in sight, but it doesn't really matter considering it would be bad form to break the mold of the previous episodes. This DVD can be pretty much labeled as a sampler pack, with each episode giving a character 22 minutes in the spotlight. So it seems no plot, no problem with *Excel*.

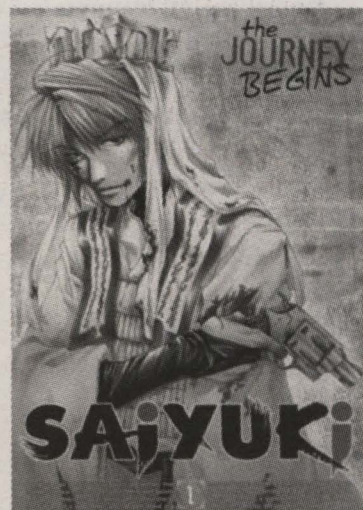
We've all heard this before, great video quality with great sounding 2.0 channel English and Japanese voice tracks. A note on the English voice track; I found out why ADV had to change voice actors for *Excel*. It seems Jessica Cavello had to stop voice acting under doctor's orders; apparently *Excel* is a little too crazy to be done by a normal human. This time around the menu was much improved over the last volume—it actually had animation clips playing. It's a simple bubble design, with a large amount of guitar transitions to entertain the menu explorer. For the Extra's section there are the usual production sketches, but along with that are two gag trailers for semi-fictional shows. The first of these fake trailers is for *Municipal Force Daiganzin*, supposedly from an episode of *Excel Saga*. The second is for something called *Puni Puni Poemy*, also by *Excel*, it's a magical girl anime with no plot. I guess Nabeshin didn't learn anything from directing *Excel Saga*.

Municipal Force Daiganzin, along with their two android friends, are our favourite city-paid keepers of peace—dressed up as power ranger look-a-likes. Now how this becomes

funny is when you give crazy people suits with powers that they don't want to be in, and tell them to fight any type crime no matter how small. After that we have *Menchi's Great Adventure 2*, where Menchi is traveling around the world with a girl who is fending off assassination attempts by some sort of cyborg. Then we have another forced re-cap episode—this one playing out the adventures of everyone's favourite immigrant worker, Pedro—and this makes less sense as it goes on. And finally, if you thought they were running out of ideas, there is a rock anime episode chalk full of sexual innuendo, and probably the first episode in a long while to give Illpallazo a decent amount of screen time. It was nice to see more ACROSS focus, and apparently it isn't just an organization with three members. Hopefully, this will be a sign of things to come with the remaining five episodes. Will ACROSS take over the city of F, or will they fail as usual? Will Hyatt live though an episode? What am I, psychic? We'll just have to wait until the end of April to find out.

If you're already collecting *Excel Saga* then this volume is a must, and if not, you must be waiting for a box set. It's never a happy thought when things are almost over, but we can look forward to the *Puni Puni Poemy* OVA, which I assume someone will bring over soon, because nothing's more fun than no-plot gag anime.

Saiyuki Volume 1



Running time: 125 minutes.

Nick Hogg
OP Game Guy

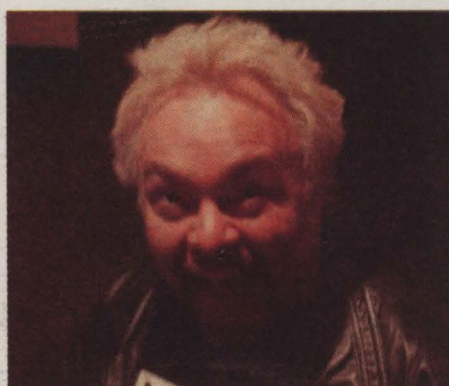
In the tradition of about three dozen other anime projects, *Saiyuki* is a take on the time-old tale of *Journey to the West*, but this rendition is a bit off in left field. Most interpretations of *Journey to the West* are meant for the whole family, but *Saiyuki* is for those of us who prefer the adult version of the story. This is a violence-filled anime—and it contains a large helping of comedy and inappropriateness to boot—so don't expect some seriously toned anime here.

Seeing as this series is only a couple of years old, the animation looks great and the transfer to DVD seems flawless. The tracks come in a 2.0 channel original Japanese dub, and a new 5.1 channel English dub. I have to praise the English dub on this one, not only was the 5.1 surround great to listen to, but the voice acting was superb and I haven't heard that much casual swearing in a long time. As for the menu, this volume has a very stylized set of black and white drawings playing in the background of the main screen, and there is more blood in the sub screens than I have ever seen used in a menu before. Overall it was easy to navigate, but lacked a scene selection option, which was a minor annoyance. As for the extras, there is an excellent six-page section explaining a lot of the back story of *Journey to the West* for those not as familiar with it. As well there is the standard run of production sketches, and the usual clean open and close anima-

tions. And if you decide to purchase Volume 1 with the set, you get a very nice box to hold the six DVDs as well as a very nice *Saiyuki* t-shirt, which thankfully is not white like a lot of the other shirts ADV gives away with box sets.

Since this is a variation of *Journey to the West*, we all have a vague idea of the story, but what makes *Saiyuki* stand out is its unique renditions of these classic characters. There is Sanzo Genjo, an irreverent priest, who smokes, drinks, gambles, carries a demon-banishing gun, and smacks his companions upside the head with a paper fan whenever they become unruly. There is Son Goku, a childish, bottomless food pit, who is born from a stone demon egg, and wields the classic red extendable staff. Then there is the half-human/half-water demon, Gojyo, who womanizes, gambles successfully, drinks, smokes like a chimney, and wields a crescent blade attached to a chain on a staff. Rounding out this immature foursome is Hakkai, who is a kind, good-natured demon, full of dry wit, but with a dark and bloody past. And finally there is Hawkeroo, Hakkai's pet dragon, who provides transportation by turning into a World War II era jeep.

We're left with the first five episodes starting off this journey, combining a good mix of comedy, great action scenes, and a great set of characters on either side of the good and evil fence.



Trevor Hargreaves
OP Contributor

THE MIGHTY THOR REIGNS TRIUMPHANT

For a city with such a small population, we Vancouverites sure enjoy one hell of a diverse music scene. Case in point: Thor. This durable local metal legend has been previously described in terms such as mighty, barbaric, and powerful. Believe it or not, he's also quite the engaging conversationalist.

For anyone who wasn't paying attention back in the 80's, ol' Thor was once a hugely popular smut metal rocker. These were the days of the mystical metal scene. This was the kind of music with a fan-base of rockers who drove GMC vans with dragon murals on the side (Fubar anyone?). If they couldn't afford a van, they roamed the small towns of the nation on their BMX's, adorned in black track-pants hiked up to their knees and scraggly hair down to their asses. This was basically a generation of guys who grew up to become roofers and Pilsner connoisseurs. As the decades passed, the hair and fashions may have gone by the wayside, but as in Norse legend of old, the mighty Thor has endured to rock new generations.

For several years now, Thor has been back in action and rocking the foundations of Vancouver to its knees. One mistake you don't want to make is to think Thor's music is a joke—far from it. This master of heavy metal shtick isn't a musical laugh; he's a seriously wailing rawk debacle. Thor possesses an energy and skill well honed over the decades. He's about as far as you can get from the shoe-gazing pretension that dominates live performances in this city.

I recently spoke to Thor and discovered a few of his mystical, magical, musical secrets:

OP: *You debuted your new CD collaboration with DOA at the Shark Club during Game 4 of the Canucks/Wild playoff series. What's the hockey connection?*

THOR: There's quite a running hockey theme on this new album. The album is titled *Are U Ready?* which is also the lead-in track from the album. The Canucks have played it to get cranked up and the Vancouver Millionaires restoration foundation adopted it as their theme song.

OP: *Tell me about your recent movie role.*

THOR: I had a part in a short film by Ed Brisson called *Graveyard*. Joey Shithead from DOA also took part and there was lots of blood and guts. Ed Brisson is a really talented guy and the film will be making some appearances around Canada at various festivals.

OP: *Is that what inspired the collaboration with Joey for the new album?*

THOR: Yes, it got us talking about what we could do together, and low and behold, we have a new album out.

OP: *I heard about a Thor documentary called 'Thunder On The Tundra' which is supposedly in the making. Are these rumors true?*

THOR: Yes. The movie is apparently soon to be finished. The film-makers (Ryan Wise with Al and Nick from Blue Lane 61 Productions) followed me on my last tour and travelled all over the world to interview people from my past and get various stories. Apparently it's verging completion, so keep an eye out!

OP: *Over the last few years you've been really productive and staged a comeback in a big way. Have you found Canadian media to be on your side and offer up support or has it been an uphill battle?*

THOR: I've had lots of support since returning to the rock world. Media in this country are fairly open to interesting and challenging music.

OP: *Last year you put together a crazy festival of rock called Thorfest. Any plans for a Thorfest 2003?*

THOR: Oh don't worry, I'll be putting another Thorfest together soon—even bigger and better than last year.

OP: *Will you realize that dream of yours and have it in GM Place?*

THOR: I doubt it, but it will be bigger. We're gonna have to build up to GM Place!

OP: *So GM Place for Thorfest 2004!*

THOR: Exactly!

OP: *Tell me about your powers over women. About a year ago, I saw you play and my drunk girlfriend actually jumped up on stage and gave you a kiss, how do you explain this?*

THOR: Oh...uh...sorry about that, I hope there's no hard feelings.

OP: *Hey, you were wearing a suit of armor and rocking it up, I forgive you. Besides, you could no doubt kick my ass!*

THOR: It's not my fault, I am Thor. Women dig me.

OP: *You had a song on the soundtrack to the best Canadian movie in recent years—Fubar. Tell me about that.*

THOR: Yup. It's called *Fubar Is A Super Rocker*.

OP: *I remember watching the movie and thinking...Thor should be on this soundtrack...and you were! How appropriate!*

THOR: Rock on!

OP: *What are the guys who made that movie working on now?*

THOR: Some screenplay about a cult in Quebec.

OP: *The Raelian Cult?*

THOR: Ya, I think that's it.

OP: *Speaking of potential Raelian's, you met Henry Rollin's recently and apparently he got you to autograph a bunch of stuff, since he's a huge fan of yours. Is this true?*

THOR: I went down to meet him in Seattle and it was a really funny night. I was going back stage and his people were telling me things like "take it easy, don't start snapping lots of photos like a big fan or anything," so I kept that in mind, but once I met him, he was the big fan of mine and snapped all the photos. He had me sign a bunch of my old albums and whatnot.

OP: *Is it true you were inspired by his spoken word enough to consider doing something similar yourself?*

THOR: Totally. I just thought he came across as really powerful, even though he was on stage all by himself. I would love to do the same thing some time.

OP: *Would you go onstage by yourself and bring your hammers and maybe bend a sword?*

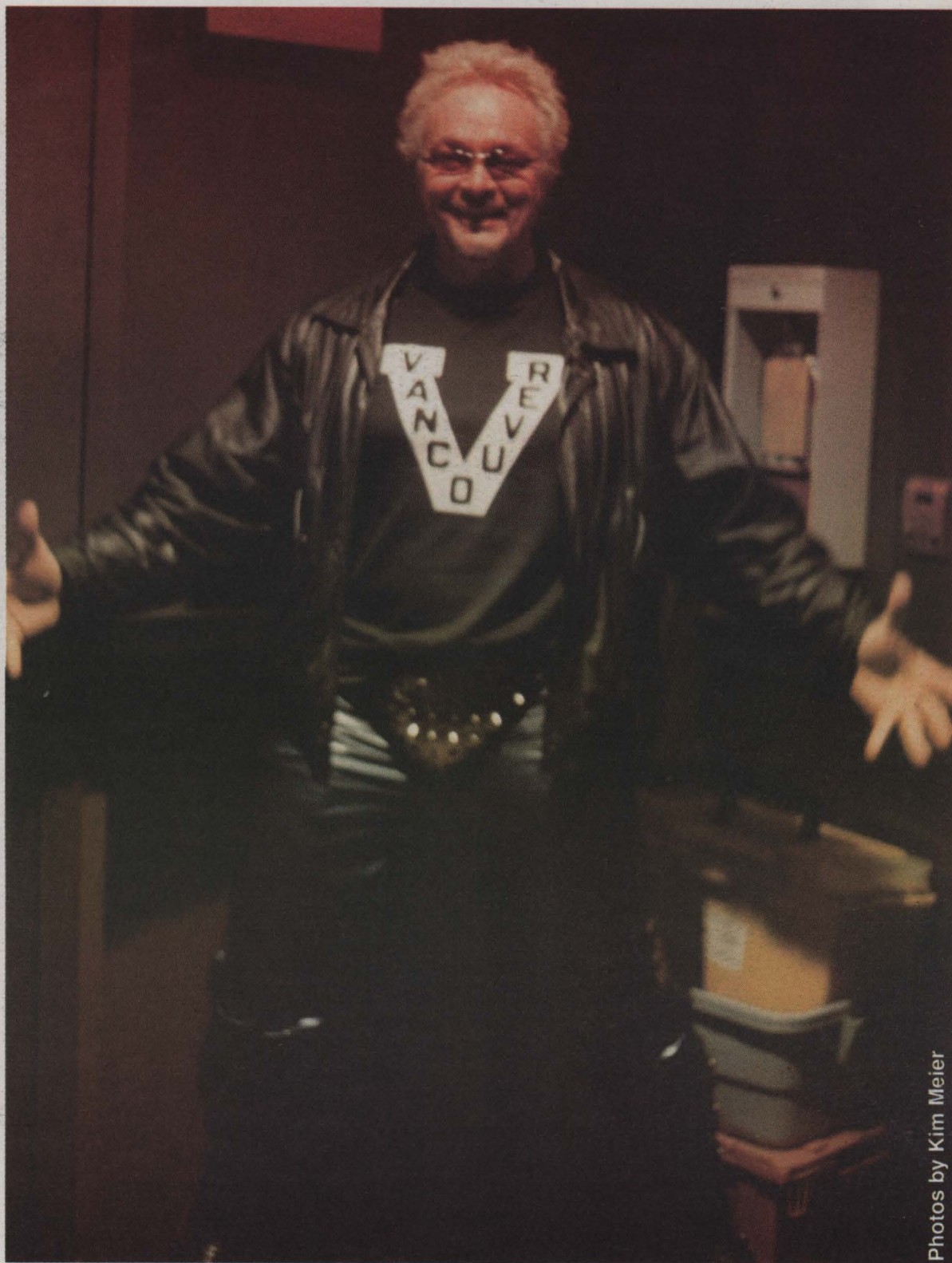
THOR: I don't know; just try to be inspiring I guess.

OP: *I notice seminal Vancouver rocker, Frank Soda, plays some guitar on your new album. Have you guys collaborated for long?*

THOR: Back in the late 70's I talked him into moving from the middle of Nowhere B.C. and coming to Toronto to play music with me. He joined the Imps and I used to pick him up and throw him into the audience when we played.

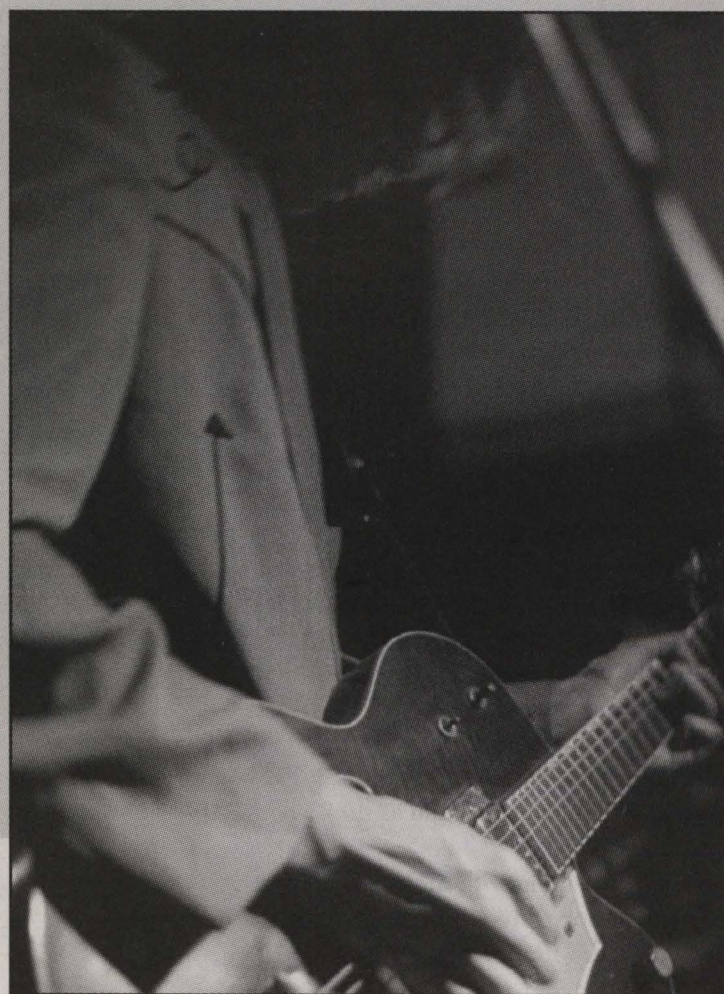
OP: *Well, that about wraps it up for now. Thor, you continue to rock triumphant and I'm sure our loyal readers shall make extra efforts to see you at your next show!*

THOR: Alright!



Photos by Kim Meier

Photo[graphic]



Photos by Kim Meier

Poetry/Fiction/Essays/etc.

Late Night Vigil

By Jennifer Aikman Look

You are late. Almost an hour now.
The digital clock you bought me for Christmas is too silent.
I would like ticking to gauge your absence.

You are not usually late, oh no.
Sickeningly punctual actually.
You always call, but maybe you're angry with me.

I wanted to punch you, but I settled with name calling.
Oh Jesus, you could be pinned under the twisted wreck of your car
Remembering my last words to you, "You look like a moron"

Great. Not a very nice way to go.
What if, with your dying words you tell the paramedics what I said?
What will they think of me when I go to the hospital?

You could at least tell them what a good wife I've been,
How I make your lunch for you everyday,
How I cut the crust from your sandwiches, with hardly a complaint.

It is snowing heavily; maybe your car wouldn't start.
Perhaps you decided to walk home, warm with beer.
And then you fell into a snow bank.

Your blood could be freezing in your veins right now,
You'll feel sleepy and just want to rest.
You didn't believe me when I told you the cold can lull you to sleep.

I'm sorry I spoke to you that way, very insensitive of me.
Now you are going to die in the snow looking like a moron.
It was tactless to say, but it was true.

That hat you insisted on wearing was ugly and clashed with your plaid shirt.
And red running shoes with black pants? Who even owns red running shoes?
You looked like a rodeo clown.

I'll have to identify your body and that's what you'll be wearing.
Red sneakers protruding from the shroud.
The orderlies will try not to laugh as they wheel you to me.

Oh God! What is wrong with me?
I'm a horrible person, forgive me.
I don't want to even imagine you dead.
How would I manage? I would have to call your parents.
What if your dad answers? For eleven years
I have managed to avoid one on one conversation with him.

And your mother.
She'll want to run the whole show, you know it.
Like our wedding, she'll have a nicer dress than me.

I guess I would wear navy,
Remember those blue heels you said I would never wear?
Hah! We'll see about that.

Okay, you are well over an hour late now.
How dare you make me worry like this?
I don't want to attend your funeral.

Please be safe; please let nothing happen to you.
If you just walk in the door right now,
I'll wrap my arms around you and never let you go.

I'll tell you all the reasons I love you.
I'll apologize for my behaviour,
And I'll never call you a name again.

Is that your car pulling up?
It's hard to see through the snow.
Yes it's you; I can see your ugly hat.

And here you come, obviously drunk.
Oops, and there you go slipping on some ice.
Those stupid red shoes have no traction.

I hear you stumbling in the kitchen,
Probably looking for aspirin.
Well I took the last one before bed.

I'm going to sleep.
If you're smart you'll sleep in the living room.
And I hope you hurt like hell when you wake up, moron.

Interview with Alexis O'Hara

Justin Ray
OP Contributor

Words have always been spoken. They have no choice in the matter. However, the performing art of spoken word has not been around forever, and its performers are still capable of breaking new ground. More than a few hip-hop acts are anchored in spoken word, and even rock acts like Cake seem to be more spoken word than pop, where lyrics are concerned. Alexis O'Hara is one act that seems to defy the boundaries of either genre, at least in recorded format.

O'Hara released a spoken word/pop-art album on the great Canadian label Grenadine Records (which also released The Dears' debut album) entitled *In Abulia*. The recording was my first introduction to the solo performer, and it was a little surprising when the live experience turned out to be completely different. I had the chance to catch up with Alexis O'Hara at The Sugar Refinery on April 11 during a writer's festival called Crash, where the cat-hat-wearing poet-cum-rock star descended to the land of the college writer for a pre-show interview.

I've heard some of your recorded material, and it sounds like a lot of studio work went into it. What does your live show consist of?

I use a series of guitar pedals to loop and effect my voice to create thick, layered soundscapes inside of which I sing and tell stories. There's another element to the show that involves a sampler, and I have midi triggers for the samplers. We'll see what happens.

I noticed you ran the Montreal poetry slam for three years.

That was a monthly event. I slammed

first and was part of the Montreal slam before when it was run by a man named Todd Swift. Then I went to the national poetry slam that summer. When I came back to Montreal I started my own slam and took a team to participate in the national poetry slam in Austin and then in 1999 in Chicago. I participated in the



national poetry slam in Seattle in 2001. This tour that I'm doing right now, a lot of bookings that I got were through connections I made in those slams. But I don't slam anymore.

Since your show now is more than spoken word, in what kind of venues do you perform?

Everywhere I go, my stuff is well received. But there are some venues that I've performed in that I don't want to return to like coffee shops, strip malls, and places like that. Generally speaking, I aim for alternative spaces where people are used to having weirder art, although I don't mind performing in rock clubs, either, because then I can really sur-

prise people.

Do you enjoy antagonizing people's intellect?

Yeah, for sure. Sometimes when I feel like it's going to be a challenge I make it even harder by going way off the deep end, by being wacky and weird. It's not like they have a frame of reference with which to compare. They can't decide immediately whether they like something or don't like something. It usually takes a moment of them being shocked—of not knowing what's going on. Because I use humour, it's easy to win people over, and go into controversial subjects—social, cultural, or personal issues.

You've also been involved with the side project Jimmy Brain, and released your solo album with Grenadine Records. How did you go from slam competitions, to sound art, to putting together a record?

Even though spoken word has always come easy to me and I was able to get on stage, it was never very satisfying for me. I always wanted to have some other elements attached to it, music or something. So I began singing in a couple of bands, Cellform and Jimmy Brain. I learned how to do the sounds for myself. Jimmy Brain was somewhat similar to what I'm doing now.

In Abulia is available from Grenadine Records' website for the great value of \$13.50 CAD, including shipping. For the same price you can also get Shy Child's latest album. And some of you thought Our Lady Peace was the best Canada has to offer. Hah!

This Month In History...



Amanda Aikman
Culture Editor

At a party I recently attended, I met this guy who told me that 11 years ago Paula Abdul and Emilio Estevez were married on that very day. And I thought, Wow, this guy is cool. Then I had a vision—a world full of people who were just as cool as this guy. A utopian society in which every man, woman and child knew Simon Le Bon's astrological sign, and could remember exactly where they were and what they were doing when Tommy Lee was first arrested. In my efforts to make this dream a reality, I will from this point on be graciously supplying you with useless pop-culture trivia on an ongoing basis. No need to thank me, all I ask in return is that you keep the dream alive by annoying your friends and loved ones with this information.

May 15, 1970: Pink Floyd performs at the Crystal Palace Gardens in London. It is later reported that a number of fish in a nearby lake were killed by the high noise levels.

May 18, 1980: Ian Curtis, lead singer for the UK band Joy Division, hangs himself in his Manchester home. Conveniently all of his fans were already depressed and dressed in black.

May 5, 1986: Long-running television series *The Love Boat* airs its last episode, and so docks my long-running crush on Gopher. *The Boat* had been cruising the high seas of romance since 1977.



Fresh Baked

Amanda Aikman
Culture Editor

Check out these latest releases while they're still warm!

Movie:

The Dancer Upstairs, Opens May 2

John Malkovich makes his directorial debut with this adaptation of Nicholas Shakespeare's critically acclaimed novel of the same name. Starring Javier Bardem, Laura Morante, Juan Diego Botto, and Elvira Minguez, *The Dancer Upstairs* is a noirish, complex, political thriller inspired by the arrest of Peruvian guerilla Abimael Guzman above a Lima dance studio. If you like a little romance and intrigue with your popcorn, waltz on down to Fifth Avenue Cinemas and take a spin with *The Dancer Upstairs*. Call 604.734.7469 for show times.

Book:

Villa Incognito, by Tom Robbins

Bantam, 2003

What better way to escape the real world this summer than by leaping head first into the pages of the latest Tom Robbins novel? *Villa Incognito* is Robbins' eighth novel, and is being lauded as his most beautifully crafted. Armed with his usual battery of surreal characters and fantastical plot twists, Robbins explores issues of identity, love, and existence in that oh-so-zany way that only he can. Anyone who has experienced the mind-bending glee of Robbins' previous efforts (*Jitterbug Perfume*, *Still Life With Woodpecker*, *Another Roadside Attraction*, *Skinny Legs and All...* just to name my favourites) will forgive the mediocrity of 2000's *Fierce Invalids Home From Hot Climates* and eagerly give themselves over to *Villa Incognito*.

Album:

Fever to Tell, Yeah Yeah Yeahs

Release date: April 29

After one amazing EP (*Yeah Yeah Yeahs*), one considerably less than amazing EP (*Machine*), and one CD single (*Date With The Night*), it is officially make-it-or-break-it time for New York's Yeah Yeah Yeahs. Despite having created a deafening buzz in the music community with the bawdy, no-wave art-rock of their first EP, the YYYs have yet to release an actual full-length album. Until now... If they manage to live up to the hype, you get a great soundtrack to accompany your summer adventures. If they don't, well I guess you're out 20 bucks.

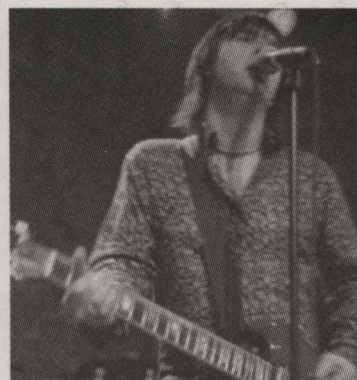


Photo by Angela Blattmann

Johnny Marr and The Healers

Amanda Aikman
Culture Editor

Johnny Marr. I should probably just stop there, as Marr's name (and the reputation that precedes it) says so much more about him than I ever could. In addition to being the co-founder and musical genius behind the legendary band The Smiths, Marr has collaborated with the likes of The Talking Heads, The The, Electronic, The Pretenders, Oasis, Beth Orton, Bryan Ferry, Bert Jansch, Billy Bragg, Neil Finn, and scores of others. With The Healers, however, Marr makes the leap to centre stage for the first time.

As someone who spent the better part of my formative years convincing myself that every Smiths song was written directly for me, I must admit that I had mixed feelings about Marr's latest incarnation as frontman. Say what you want about Morrissey, but that boy wrote some real pretty songs, and as magical as the Marr Guitar Machine may be, taking on lyric-writing and singing duties raises the ante considerably. So it was with great anticipation that I, and a full house at Richard's on Richards, awaited the arrival of the celebrated Mancunian guitar virtuoso and his Healers.

When he did take the stage it was obvious that the crowd was predisposed to enjoy the show regardless of its merit. And who could blame them? After all it was Johnny Marr! Joyous dancing and awe-filled gazing abounded. One perceptive fan even yelled out something about England, because you see, Marr is from England. Clever huh? With his trademark tousled black hair (Tegan and Sarah should be paying royalties to his stylist) and affable stage manner,

Marr looked and sounded comfortable in his new role as leader of the band. Unfortunately, even as I stood there with a goofy smile plastered on my face, realizing that I was in the same room as someone that I have shamelessly coveted for 15 years, I could tell this wasn't going to be the mind-blowing show I had hoped it would be. It was good. Fine. Entertaining even. But I had expected more. Oasis and the Stone Roses already exist, so why form a band to create second-rate interpretations of their music? I'm not saying that just because Marr was responsible for the groundbreaking brilliance that inspired legions of Smiths fanatics that he should have to reinvent the wheel every time he picks up a guitar—but he could at least try. With no larger-than-life Morrissey to stand behind, the spotlight has now been placed firmly on Marr, and perhaps this pressure has tempered the creativity and originality for which he is renowned. So, Smiths fans, I think it can safely be assumed that the second coming ain't coming.

Marr and the Healers (which includes Ringo's son Zak Starkey on drums) have produced a pretty good album in *Boomslang*, and they did a fine job of recreating it onstage at Richard's. The crowd, regardless of whether they believed the performance was worthy of the Marr legacy, were still treated to the well-executed swirling psychedelia and twangy Brit-pop of talented and accomplished musicians. This, combined with the rare opportunity even to see Marr at all, made for an enjoyable, albeit anticlimactic, evening.

The Sadies

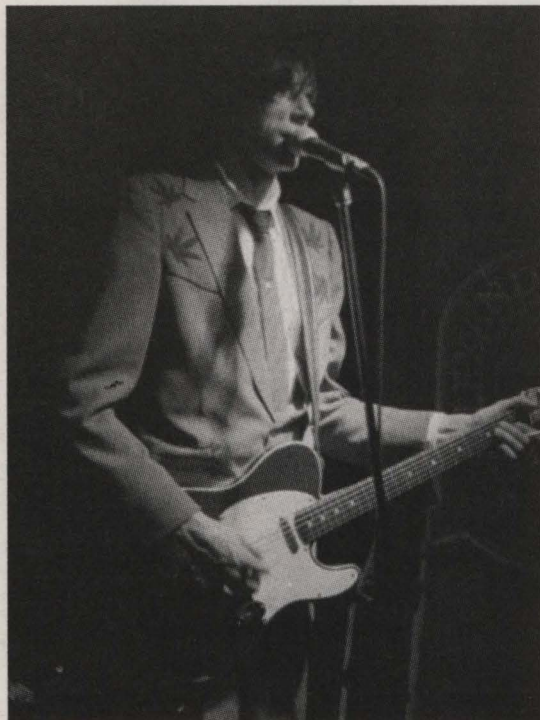


Photo by Kim Meier

Amanda Aikman
Culture Editor

"I'm a space cowboy, I'm sure you know where it's at"—Steve Miller Band.

If Steve Miller were alive today, I'm sure he would agree that The Sadies May 3rd show at the Pic was definitely where it was at for space cowboys—surf cowboys too. (Yeah, I know Steve Miller isn't dead, but it sounds more dramatic that way don't you think?) After quickly filling the room to capacity, The Sadies, long renowned for their energetic live performances, served up their unique brand of psychedelic surf-and-turf music to the hungry crowd of Vancouver scenesters. You couldn't take two steps in either direction without bumping in to a New Pornographer or a Be Good Tanya. And with The Sadies latest release, *Stories Often Told*, attempting to make good on their long-standing threat to take over the world (or at least shake it up a little), it's no wonder that the show drew the likes of Minus 5's Scott

McCaughey and Mint Records' Randy Iwata out to the Pic.

Led by brothers Dallas and Travis Good, the Sadies launched into their merciless dismantling of the country, surf, and psychedelic rock genres, rebuilding them into a creature of their own design. And what a creature it was. A reverb-soaked, high velocity, high tide, twangy interpretation of country that would be more at home on a David Lynch film's soundtrack than anywhere near the Grand Ole Opry. Pretty impressive for four guys from Toronto. With publications like MOJO and NME loudly singing their praises, The Sadies appear to be on the brink of unleashing their sound on a larger audience. As those of us lucky enough to witness their latest Vancouver performance will attest—you had better saddle up partners and prepare to ride the Sadies wave, 'cuz there's no holding these space cowboys back.

Lord of the Things TheatreSports review



Justin Ray
OP Culture Critic

First came *The Lord of the Rings* double-disc DVD release, then a huge box set, then another, bigger box set, and then another movie (with more box sets sure to follow). But if you prefer comedy to CGI, you'd be better off catching the latest pop spoof from the Vancouver TheatreSports League (VTSL), *The Lord of the Things*, where the audience ultimately judges whether good or evil will win the battle for Middle Mirth.

Of course, the improvised show, which has little more to do with the book/movie trilogy than the title and general structure, will make you laugh far more than the movie can. But the laughs rarely come from a special knowledge of the movie. A basic knowledge of the characters is more than enough to appreciate the name of the good wizard, Rudolph. If you've seen the movie you will probably laugh a little harder when a miniature version of Rudolph falls down into an abyss, pausing midair to contemplate the day's events. But the show is fun either way.

The greatest difference between the movie and the show, besides the laughs, is that the improvised version is never twice the same. After the first half, which loosely follows a plot based on audience sug-

gestions, the actors stay in character to participate in basic TheatreSports games. I can appreciate how this would keep the format from getting stale after months of performance, but unfortunately the character limitations keep the scenes from getting too far out there. Gollum continues to shriek no matter whom he is playing, and traits given to other characters also roll into the games. Any fan of TheatreSports can tell you how important character work is.

Past parodies such as Full Metal Improv and Impro-vivor were successful thanks to the deft skill of seasoned VTSL veterans (the show I saw featured Scott Owen and Nancy Robertson). There were few dull moments—if any—in those shows. Lord of the Things continues the tradition, while VTSL newcomers such as Dave McGowan help to rejuvenate the formula.

Lord of the Things is now playing at the New Revue Stage on Granville Island Wednesday and Thursday at 7:30 and Friday and Saturday at 8:00pm. See <www.vtsl.com> for more details.

Shake Your Bon-bon

Tamara Billau
OP Contributor



Gyrating grandmas surround me. No, I'm not delusional, or visiting some weird, geriatric strip club. I'm in a Salsa aerobics class—the latest exercise trend that has been undulating its way into women's fitness clubs across Canada.

To my right, a tiny sprite in her sixties ignores the simple choreography, and opts instead to shake her hips to her own private salsa beat.

To my left, an enthusiastic woman in her late forties is wearing high-heeled pumps better suited to a hot date than a trip to the gym. They do match her faded black sweat pants, though. She claps her hands in time to the Marc Anthony music like a flamenco dancer and stares intently at herself in the mirrors that surround the large, purple aerobics floor.

What do these two women and the twenty other female class members have in common besides what appears to be epilepsy of the hips? They're smiling—even the instructor. She's shouting things like, "Shake it, ladies," "I need to see some more wiggle," and "Check out my hips," while looking down at her own swiveling pelvis. These phrases would smack of a harassment lawsuit anywhere else, but seem perfectly appropriate in Salsa class.

Then there's me—a scarred and jaded 15-year veteran of the aerobics scene. I've done time with Jane Fonda videos, been turned into a human pretzel in yoga, nearly passed out during Pilates, pulled a hamstring in Tae Bo, tripped over my Step many, many times, and performed a rather spectacular face-plant during a ball-balancing fiasco. Yes, I've seen it all and survived the many evolutions of exercise trends, but Salsa aerobics is different. Not only are the possibilities of injury fairly minor, it's actually fun.

Unlike many other aerobic classes, Salsa does not require a lot of weird equipment. No balls, mats, barbells, plastic bands, or benches are necessary. All you need is a towel to sop up your sweaty brow and a bottle of water. The instructor wears flat, black slippers—called T-straps—that look like close-toed sandals, and some of the regular class members wear strappy, high-heeled shoes. But special footwear isn't a prerequisite. Most of the class members strut around in bare feet. If you're between pedicures, like me, then running shoes work just fine. Being double-jointed is also an asset.

Salsa class begins with some stretching. Not the ten minutes of contortions required in many classes, but a few isolated movements to stretch out the hips, like a slow, embarrassingly exaggerated hip thrust, and a flamingo-like balancing stretch where

the members of the class are expected to stand on one foot while grabbing their ankles behind them.

The class then proceeds into simple movements geared toward getting the women used to swinging their hips. Unless you're a catwalk model or a stripper, hip swinging on purpose is a rather novel concept. The new members react by tentatively shifting from side to side and breaking into nervous twitters. Their movements are awkward and jerky, like those of the zombies in Michel Jackson's *Thriller* video, and yet they seem to be enjoying themselves.

Next to them, the class veterans look like *Solid Gold* dancers. They implement sweeping arm movements that mirror their lower halves while the novices reluctantly begin experimenting with throwing their hips around with some real abandon. It takes a few minutes for them to get used to it, but eventually they embrace the empowerment of letting go of inhibitions and enjoy the sensual movements of their bodies. Before long, they're shaking their bon-bons like Ricky Martin.

The step patterns used in salsa classes are simple and easy-to-follow. The choreographed steps consist mostly of stepping to the side, back, and front while jutting the hips as much as humanly possible. Crossover steps, kicks and hips twists called "digs" are added as the class progresses, but nothing more complicated than that. It's really more like a dance class than aerobics.

Salsa is actually a modified version of the partnered dances used in ballroom competitions. Latin-inspired movements like mambo, cha-cha, and rumba heavily influence the patterns. The challenge of the class comes from balancing on your toes the entire time and swinging your hips. This is where the workout part comes in.

Halfway through a class, most of the members have mastered the basic choreography of steps, kicks, pauses, turns, crossovers, and digs. No one is looking at her watch. The same basic choreographed pattern will be repeated, with a few variations, until the entire class is moving in almost per-

fect unison. Between sets we dance around to the music, practise the steps, chug great gulps of water from our bottles, and give each other tips on perfecting our Salsa.

Gradually the instructor adjusts the tempo of the music until the class moves in a dervish of arms and legs like the Tasmanian Devil. By the last set we are sweating profusely, faces red, but no one looks strained or annoyed or even impatient to move on to a less challenging routine.

The class is an hour long and ends with another bout of stretching. It's tempting to ignore this step, but don't. Salsa is all about the hips and unless you're used to a lot of action in that area, or have previously taken numerous dance classes, you are going to have a very sore pelvis when you attempt to get out of bed the following morning. Stretching can minimize your impending torture.

The dressing room afterwards is always a good place to get a feel for how participants rate a class. Complaints and criticism of the instructor reign after most exercise classes. Not tonight. One Salsa

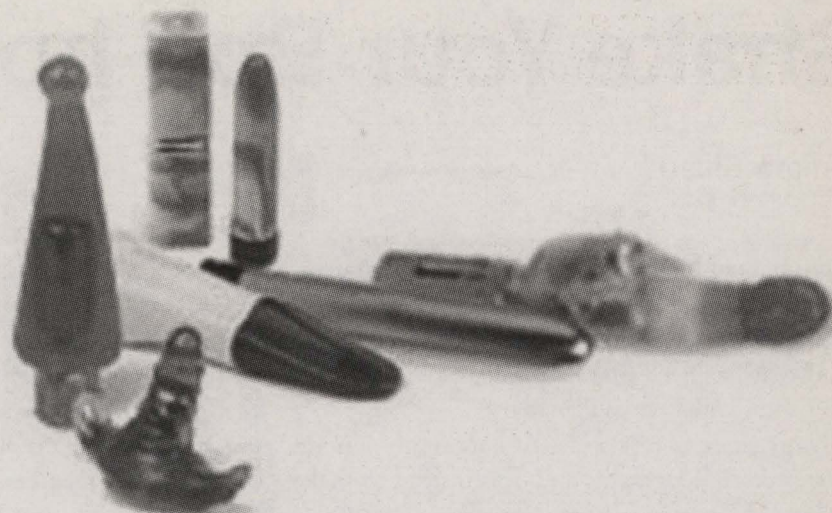
"I've done time with Jane Fonda videos, been turned into a human pretzel in yoga, nearly passed out during Pilates, pulled a hamstring in Tae Bo. But Salsa aerobics is different."

class member remarks, "I'm hooked." Another adds, "that was certainly better than going home and sitting around watching TV." They're still smiling. I learn that the lady beside me—the one in the fancy shoes—is actually taking Salsa to practice for ballroom dance competitions. Whatever their reasons for taking the class, my fellow salsa

enthusiasts seem satisfied, almost smug with their performance.

Before leaving the gym, I approach the instructor, Sarah. She's still surrounded by excited class members. When there's a break in conversation I ask her why women are so attracted to her classes. "People like Salsa because it's different," she says. "They like listening to music they wouldn't otherwise hear, and doing things with their bodies that they would never try anywhere else. Most of all, I think they like to forget they're exercising and really have some fun for a change. Salsa gives them that." Salsa anyone?

Good Vibrations



Michelle Juurlink
OP Contributor

From the outside, Womyn's Ware, a retailer specializing in sex toys, looks non-threatening. The sign at the front of the Commercial Drive store reads, "A Celebration and Empowerment of Women's Sexuality." the windows are neither covered nor darkened—unlike the parade of Triple X shops that flank Granville Street. Pots of flowers and welcoming benches encourage shoppers to sit down and ponder what to buy before heading into the store.

The interior of the store is bright and clean. Oddly enough, the staff at Womyn's Ware are all women: I say oddly, because the times I have managed to peek inside a Triple X shop, all I see are men. The store is quiet, with only one other client, also a woman. Along the far wall, a row of colourful vibrators, out of their packages, sit upright on a shelf. Leather accessories and a leather swing entice the slightly more daring. Closest to the door are products tamer in nature, which probably has to do with visibility through the storefront windows. Condoms, massage oils, and books by Betty Dodson, author of *Sex for One*, and *Orgasms for Two* are also on hand.

Entering into the domain of a sex store clarifies a few things for me. Despite my belief that I am a progressive and intelligent woman, I realize that I am much more comfortable walking into, well, any store other than a sex store. I have trouble understanding this; perhaps it's my Catholic upbringing—I'm not as hip as I'd like to believe. I admit that I have yet to bring sex toys into my life. And, while I'm past the notion that masturbating is a sin, it still seems less appealing than sex for two.

Lately, though, I've been examining my sexual beliefs and even went to visit a local sex therapist, Wendy Fuller, who wants women to be sexual without being sexualized. Fuller believes—and I agree, noticing my own patterns—that many women give themselves permission to be sexual only when they have a partner. "Well," she says, "I'm sexual because I'm human."

Okay, so I'm exploring the sexually deviant side of myself, which is still fairly tame. I've entered Womyn's Ware, to buy, not the leather swing or nipple clamps, but a vibrator. Cass King, retail

manager, approaches me. Her dark, shoulder-length brown hair is highlighted with a subtle purple; she wears dark-framed glasses. Dressed in semi-business attire, she appears confident and self-assured. And she's more than happy to answer the questions I have about buying a vibrator.

I mention to her that I often pass by the store—it's only blocks from my house—but never go in. King agrees that entering a sex store and buying a toy for yourself can be psychologically intimidating—an admission of the importance of your sexual satisfaction. "Then there is the issue of: am I being selfish because I'm buying something just for my pleasure?" states King.

But for me, there's also the concern of people seeing me enter the store—much like being spotted in the porn section of the video store. Once in Womyn's Ware, however, I feel more comfortable, like shopping for sex toys is the most normal thing in the world. For me, the challenge is simply opening the door.

King admits that the first time she visited the store, she stepped in, browsed through some of the books, then left. She became braver with each visit after that. The second time she came in, she made it to the back wall and bought a small vibrator. Then she came in with a partner and they purchased a sex toy together. Now, she works at the store. I take comfort in this, interpreting it to mean that the ability to engage strangers in sexual dialogue isn't something that happens naturally, but evolves over time.

"Buying a vibrator can feel very selfish, but our sexual health is very important and can have many benefits, including making us happier," states King. "Often a woman will think nothing of buying a membership to the gym, but there are other ways to get a workout. Or, women will spend 30 dollars on

face cream, but we don't really need it, we can just let our face get chapped." She is being facetious, but the same principle can be applied to buying a vibrator: it isn't really needed, but can provide some great benefits.

Womyn's Ware uses the word "ware" in their name, in fact, because they view sex toys as hardware, enhancements to one's sex life. Women are so adept at using tools and gadgets to help them in other aspects of their life, yet hesitate to bring them into our sex lives. No wonder buying a vibrator can feel like a huge indulgence.

Whether we acknowledge it or not, how women feel about themselves as sexual beings permeates all aspects of their lives. Fuller believes that allowing ourselves to be sexual, and acknowledging our sexual needs, can improve our overall well-being. "There's so much guilt about our sexuality. We're

ashamed of our thoughts," she states.

To Fuller, sex toys are an enhancement to the intimate relationship we have with ourselves and with our partners. Understanding our bodies and how they work is crucial to sexual freedom. Women need to understand what masturbation is: it's about loving self. "A lot of women still don't touch themselves,

or they think that if they're with a partner, they can stop touching themselves," states Fuller. She wants women to take responsibility for their bodies and sexuality and finds that when they do, they are less likely to partner with someone just to satisfy their sexual needs. The ability to choose a partner for non-sexual reasons is empowering.

Armed with this knowledge, I try to make a choice about what vibrator to buy. It's overwhelming. An array of colourful multi-shaped vibrators made by The Fun Factory lines the top row. King explains that they're essentially the same "vibe", just

*"Along the far wall,
a row of colourful
vibrators, out of
their packages, sit
upright on a shelf."*

shaped differently. "Women are not all alike, nor do we have the same sexual preferences," she states. In fact, the differences between the vibrators could be an indication of the differences between women. Some vibes are dolphin-shaped, some resemble goddesses, and still others are modelled after the less imaginative penis. I particularly like the angel and devil pairing. The angel is a woman with small wings and a halo over her curly locks; the devil has pointy Bart Simpson hair and wears a diabolical grin.

King states that the key to finding something you like is to find a sex store that you trust, identify what you want, and divulge your price range. The Internet can also be a good source of information, or a place to shop, for that matter. Both Womyn's Ware and Fuller's company, BodyVox, allow women to make purchases online, from the comfort of their own homes. But, be informed about what you are looking for and how much you want to spend. Prices start as low as 25 dollars for the Mini-Pearl, a clitoral stimulator, to over a hundred dollars for something like the Clit Lane, a dual vibrator allowing both clitoral and penetrative stimulation.

If you don't know what you want or like sexually, begin by asking yourself some questions: Do you prefer internal or external stimulation? How much stimulation? For first-time buyers, King recommends something multi-speed and not too pricey. "You don't want to get home and feel like you've been ripped off," she states. Buying something inexpensive is a way to experiment and find out what you like. King adds, "You might want to consider a product that can be accessorized, or added to later, to give you more options."

Once you know what you want, consider the

product, itself. What's it made of? Is there a warranty? These are two questions I never would have considered asking, prior to visiting the store. Some products, for instance, are guaranteed for up to a year.

An important piece of information to keep in mind, though, is that the sex-toy industry is self-regulating. Health Canada removed toxic children's toys from the market, but failed to do the same with sex toys. This means there are still toxic vibrators and dildos out there, and it's important to educate yourself about what substances are safe for your body. Rubber and soft vinyl products, for example, contain chemicals such as lead and cadmium, which are extremely dangerous when absorbed. Jelly products are in a constant state of deterioration. Silicone, on the other hand, is hypoallergenic and non-porous, but more expensive. It doesn't leach and won't break down, so you won't absorb it into your system. Another advantage is that silicone companies tend to be smaller and woman-dominated, so their designs reflect women's needs.

Something else to take into account when buying a vibrator is your home environment. Some vibes are waterproof because often the only sanctuary a woman has is her bath.

Others look more discreet, so if found, their use is not obvious. Smooth, contoured vibrators, for instance can easily be disguised as a container of some sort. Noise may also be a concern if you have room-mates or kids. At Womyn's Ware, the vibrators are out of their boxes, batteries intact, so you can get a feel for them and see how loud they are. The choice in vibrators is amazing. They've come a long way.

The first vibrator, invented in 1869, was a steam-powered massager invented in 1869. Up until

around the 1900s, they were used exclusively by doctors as medical tools to treat female disorders such as "hysteria." Though hysteria has since been debunked as a disease, the term was used to describe a woman's display of mental or physical distress.

By the 1920s, vibrators were marketed as cures for ills ranging from headaches and asthma to fading beauty. The ad copy for these vibrators was coy and ambiguous. "Almost like a miracle is the miraculous healing force of massage when rightly applied," reads one advertisement. Miraculous indeed. These ads never acknowledged the vibrator's usefulness for masturbation, but as vibrators began appearing in stag films of the 1920s, their sexual function became difficult to ignore. Most likely as a result of this increased publicity, advertisements for vibrators, or massagers, gradually disappeared from respectable publications.

Even today, electric vibrators are marketed as massagers and battery vibrators as novelty items in Triple X stores. They are sold in drug stores, department stores, and even through the Sears catalogue.

In Canada, Womyn's Ware is the oldest store openly celebrating women's sexuality. In the eight years the store has been open, King has noticed some changes, particularly in the clientele and the questions they ask. "We used to spend 45 minutes with a customer—talking to them. Now it's often two minutes," she says. "Customers will come in and know exactly what they want. They're more knowledgeable and will ask about warranties and what the products are made of."

Occasionally, even parents will come into the store to buy vibrators for their daughters. I try to imagine my mum going in to a sex store to buy a toy for me when I was a teen, but quickly realize the improbability of that. King also mentions two sixty-year-old women who recently came into the store to purchase their first vibrators.

"Sexual satisfaction seems like an indulgence, but it's extremely important to our overall satisfaction," she emphasizes. Walking out of the store, vibrator in hand, I couldn't agree more.

*"At Womyn's Ware,
the vibrators are
out of their boxes,
batteries intact, so
you can get a feel
for them."*

Fast Man Arrives at the OP

Flash Gordon
Sports Editor

With the changing seasons of Vancouver, the OP rings in a new administration with the new summer issues of the paper. It ended up being a coup of sorts. The new editors all decided to storm the barracks with flaming torches and everything but when we got to the OP office, no one was home so we moved in. Some change of office it was. None quite so important as the brand spanking new Sports Editor—me. Flash Gordon is what I go by. Flash has arrived—parades will follow. To familiarize myself to you and you to me, I believe it is appropriate to construct this little introduction to not only aggrandize myself, but also, to take up space. Writing an article here or there isn't quite the same as filling up three and a half pages on my own. I can't depend on the readership to provide me with articles and since there is no one formally in my employ, if anyone has an opinion to voice or was at a game that I couldn't attend, please submit your work to the OP. We always appreciate and encourage students to participate in the paper.

Jordan Cripps was my predecessor. I wish him the best of luck with whatever he ends up doing. I plan to uphold whatever standards Jordan set for the job, but that doesn't necessarily mean I will do it. My own set of standards might be more appropriate. I will fudge my way through these next few months trying to get a feel for the job as well "improving" it in anyway I can.

Ever since I was a young Flash in my hometown of Ottawa, I have been interested in college and university athletics. I grew up watching the Carleton Ravens, Ottawa GeeGees, and the Waterloo Warriors basketball teams. College athletics can be an exciting aspect of student life whether you are playing or

watching. It's an opportunity your school provides for you to join in and be a part of that mysterious cliché known as school spirit. Canadian athletes do not share the celebrity status attributed to American college athletes but still it's worth it to be a part of a team and school.

Humour should be prevalent in my articles because I might not write them otherwise. I take the stance that statistics are boring and generally prove very little in sports. Statistically, a first place team should beat an eighth place team nine out of ten times, but we simply know that's not always the case. Boring, boring, boring. I will try to maintain current boring league standings for all the college sports. There will be regular updates on the Canucks as well as any scandals that might develop within the halls and gyms of Douglas College. Sports writing is definitely new to me and I'm a far cry from the traditional sports writer but that's the way it goes. I am the OP Sports Editor and for now, what I say goes at least until I am deemed mentally unfit to carry out the duties of the position. It is entirely possible that delusions of grandeur will develop at which point we are all doomed here at the OP.

In conjunction with the CSRW website administrator, Brian McLennon, we are planning to introduce a new feature to the school that is used by many colleges and universities. It's an attempt to give some praise and recognition to athletes who have demonstrated a certain level of excellence on or off the field. We haven't created the format yet for which players will be selected but it will be an ongoing idea that we hope to introduce in the fall term. I look forward writing more and maybe picking on a few of you over the next year. Flash is here!



New Volleyball Coach Hired for Men's Team

CSRW

Mike Sapic has been blessed with excellent coaches: Dale Ohman (UBC) for four years in high school and club, Charles Parkinson at VCC Langara and Bob Harrison for four years at UVIC. He has always been an intense competitor with a keen interest in all sports, but credits his coaches for helping him hone his skills as a setter, and in finding ways to not only compete, but to win. For the past 25 years he has spent countless hours on the sand, the grass and the hardwood, not only as a player but also as a coach—a real testament to his love for the game, and the enduring patience of his wife!

Mike's playing career includes championships at every level:

- *High School Champions Mcnair Marlins 1979
- *College Champions VCC Falcons 1980 (4th at Nationals)
- *University (Top 3 in Canada) University of Victoria Vikings 1981-85
- *Professional Oriveden Ponnistus-Finland 1986
- *Club Various Men's Club Championships

His intensity, love of competition and desire to learn has allowed him to experience similar success as a coach. He has coached at the elementary, high

school, club, provincial team, college, university and professional levels, and coached both women and men.†

Some of his accomplishments include the following:

- *1986 Men's Canadian Bronze Medallists VCC Falcons
- *1986-90 BC Provincial Boys Team U-18 and U-16 coach
- *1987-88 UBC Women's Assistant Coach
- *1989 Girls High School Bronze Medallists Earl Marriott Secondary

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For the past 12 years Mike has raised his family and coached at the high school and club level in Surrey. He currently teaches Senior English at Semiahmoo Secondary School. He looks forward to the challenge of coaching at the college level again and to passing on what he has learned to new generations of athletes to help them become the best they can be!

Editor's note: I will try to get a handle on Mike Sapic to find out more about what the new sheriff in town has in mind for the men's team.

Lunn Strikes Back

—The Off-season campaign

Flash Gordon
Sports Editor



Douglas College is unusually quiet in the summer months. No one wants to be in school, not even the teachers. Why else would there be three-day weekends all summer long? Some begrudgingly commit to the few hours class robs us of our time in the sun but who wants to have to suffer through an eight-hour day of work when you can deal with two or four hours of class, then enjoy the sun. Who is thinking now?

Ed Lunn is thinking, for one. He hasn't stopped plotting and planning since his season with the women's basketball coming to an end in the winter. Some might think the schemes entail the demise of his arch-nemesis Sports Editor Flash Gordon, but "au contraire mon frere." He still has basketball on the brain and there is a twinkle in his eye when he talks about the sport he gets paid to coach.

Coach Ed Lunn inherited a troubled women's program two years ago, and he knew it when he signed on the dotted line claiming the team as his own. With the credentials Lunn has, it must have been an inspiring challenge. Either that or our athletic director begged and pleaded with him to take the job. Ed comes from a University of Victoria National Championship team (so far the highlight of his career), as well as experience with Olympic experience from the Sydney games (even though he was coaching with the Kiwis). To have a successful career, one has to accept all trials put before you. Lunn has persisted despite negative blows—unforeseen obstacles, including bad press from yours truly about the hardships of last season. Unfretted, he focused on accomplishing one goal at a time. Coach is realistic about what he can achieve but honestly believes he can have a provincial tournament-bound team next season.

While most college teams are in pseudo summer hibernation, Douglas' basketball teams have begun ID camps, the purpose of which is to identify players with the skills and commitment to play at the college level. Recruitment is an activity that I am amazed the coach has time for. Day in, day out Ed Lunn can be found somewhere in the college usually not too far from his office in the Centre for Sport, Recreation and Wellness. During the regular season, it's not a rare occasion for 12-hour days to

be the norm. So when does a man find time to hunt down the potential collegiate athletes? Ed relies on his trusty sidekick and assistant coach to be his envoy of interest, while other avenues of recruiting come from parents and coaches looking to advertise a talented athlete. To his credit, he admits there are maybe one or two things he has not done to lure a player to the dark side. By showing up to game after game of high schools, players know Ed's staff are committed to bringing the best possible players to the table each year. After speaking with Douglas' top two prospects, I learned that his devotion is precisely what attracts players to Ed Lunn.

Watching the man run his camp on the last weekend in April, I can see his passion for basketball because he is still having fun. Many of the 20-some players attending his two day invitation only, campaign are new faces, but some of Ed's veterans are in attendance and even competing. Next season will be like starting over for the team because things can only get better. No one's position is safe. Through one on one meeting with all of the players, Ed hoped to communicate that his devotion to the team must be matched with the player's commitment to getting better. If it takes a thousand foul shots over the summer then that's what it will take, and it's clear some of the new faces are willing to put the effort in. One girl flew in from Fort Saint James. And if you know anything about the geography about northern BC, you know more than me. What I have learned, though, is that any town beginning with "Fort" anything... has a population smaller than most PTA meetings. In fact going to Prince George is considered the big time because they have a McDonalds.

Everyone must pick it up a notch for next season veterans and top prospects alike. Two girls that Ed has put a lot of effort into recruiting are local girls, one from White Rock and one from West Vancouver. Melanie Trepanier is a six-foot centre from Earl Marriott's AAA provincial championship team. She is quite athletically talented with the ability to put the ball on the floor or take a shot outside of the paint. No doubt she has attracted more attention than just Douglas' recruiting team, but so far she has committed to playing for Ed

Lunn. She likes his coaching style and sees Douglas College as a stepping-stone to a career at UBC. Perhaps the weakest part of her game is her strength. The BCCAA has some solid frontcourts that can bash and bang pretty hard, so that will be a focus of her off-season training. Ed's other potential star is Brigitte O'Brien of Little Flower Academy of West Wonkaville Vancouver. At around the five-foot-ten mark, O'Brien handles the ball as well as any girl on the court and has the confidence to fight for rebounds. She has grit and attitude. Is she ready for college ball or is college ball ready for her?

Many of the girls informally committed to Ed during his one on one conferences, but the true test will be if those girls are there in September. His two-day camp isn't the end of his program. Training and summer league will run most of the summer. Grant Matsuda, the baseball team's trainer has offered his skills to help the girls reach their personal fitness goals whether it is developing speed and quickness or power and strength. One has to appreciate the honesty Ed gives to his players and people in general. A player might not want to hear about weaknesses in their game but it's a necessary evil to improve. The real competitors will take criticisms and drive themselves harder. Former Royals basketball coach, Richard Norman attended the Sunday session at the college to offer any advice he might have from years of experience. His honest opinion was that with the talent in attendance at the camp, a provincial calibre team could be assembled. Not a provincial championship team, mind you, but maybe a fifth or a sixth places team. Let's not forget that star I mentioned two months ago. I came away from the camp with a genuinely positive impression of the potential.

The critic in me still stands waiting in September to see what the Douglas Royals have to offer. Perhaps my next article will delve into the men's basketball team and their plans for next season. Dave Munro doesn't seem too eager for publicity. I hear he doesn't deal well with criticism. What's he got to hide??? That's all my nonsense for now. Questions? Comments? I don't want to hear it, but the OP always loves a good scandal.

Jack Donohue, Coach

Flash Gordon
Sports Editor

Ten or so years ago at a Harlem Globetrotters basketball spectacle taking place in Ottawa's Civic Centre, I was a burgeoning young athlete enthralled by everything basketball. Unlike most young ballers my dreams weren't centred on playing in the NBA or being like Mike. As realistic as I could be, I imagined myself wearing a Team Canada basketball jersey. A Canadian university basketball player was a huge celebrity, though many never achieved stardom. Sitting in the upper bowl of a half-packed stadium, my father pointed out coach Jack Donohue. At the time Donohue was at the helm of Canada's basketball program, where I wanted to be. I waited until he was up from his seat to rush over to him. A bold youngster, I introduced myself announcing I was a basketball player—he shook my hand and took the time to listen. Jack was as nice a stranger as I could ever have met but he didn't sound like any Canadian I ever knew. Jack Donohue, born in Yonkers, New York, adopted Canada or rather we adopted him and his passion for basketball, his passion for people.

At the time, I had no concept of the true volume of Donohue's influence on Canadian basketball. He began with high school basketball setting aside a degree in Economics and his pursuit of a doctorate. His feel for the game won him 250 of less than 300 games with two different schools. Power Memorial High School will always remember him as Lew Alcindor's basketball coach who put together a team that won 71 consecutive games over six years. At Holy Cross College, Massachusetts, Donohue twice won honours as Coach of the Year for his conference. Canadians know him for bringing respectability to the Canadian Olympic team. In his first year as coach, they reached eighth place in the 1972 Olympics. Four years later, in Montreal the Canadian boys shocked the world and came fourth. As coach of the Canadian University team, Donohue stunned the Americans and Yugoslavians with a Gold Medal victory in the 1983 University Games.

Anyone involved in Canadian basketball during those years most likely has nothing but kind words to say of Jack Donohue, Coach. It was more than his bold coaching achievements, that people will remember him by. Above all, Donohue was a good man who brought his passion to us, and I am privileged to say that I ever shared a handshake with such an icon. Thank you Jack. Jack Donohue passed away April 16, 2003 of pancreatic cancer at the age of 71. His wife, Mary Jane, and their six children survive him.

Boeheim's Orangemen Win NCAA Championship

Syracuse 81



Kansas 78



Flash Gordon
Sports Editor

I say, it's about time. Growing up as a basketball fan in Ontario, I was the only kid in school wearing an orange Syracuse baseball cap. I had t-shirts, shorts, and a bumper sticker too, albeit minus a car to put it on. Around the same time, the Hoyas bulldog logo was the hype at my elementary and junior high schools. Blue and grey bomber jackets, hats, and me with my proud orange. I doubt any of those kids knew where Georgetown is located. I, on the other hand, knew that Syracuse, NY, is about two and a half hours South of Ottawa.

James Boeheim, aka Jim, has coached at the university for 27 years starting as a lowly assistant coach after his playing career ended. A number of great college players have been privileged to be a part of Boeheim's basketball program at Syracuse, like NBA players Ron Seikaly, Derrick Coleman, Billy Owens, and probably even more than I can remember. Even CFL quarterback Donovan McNabb sat on Boeheim's bench while doing double-duty between basketball and a stellar football career. On a more Canadian note, NBA commentator Leo Rautins played for Syracuse before his stint as a NBA whipping boy.

April 6, 2003 marked Boeheim's second trip to the final of the NCAA's illustrious March Madness Final Four tournament. Boeheim rarely, if never, went without a 20-win season, but never captured a title bigger than the Big East Regional. The match was the Orangemen versus the Jayhawks and every Georgetown fan cheering against Syracuse. Neither coach has a NCAA championship. I haven't been more excited about a championship game in a long time. Other years, other sports have had more heralded matches but this is a big pill for Brian McLennon, and other Georgetown fans to swallow. The number three seed Orange, freshmen powered giant killer taking down not one but two number one seeds in the tournament this year led by their All-American Freshman, Carmello Anthony. Kansas, emerged from the Western Conference defeating Arizona State,

Duke, powerhouse Arizona in the regional final then downing Marquette to be rewarded by a meeting with the upstart Orangemen. Carmello, Carmello, Carmello! Not only does his team make it to the final, Carmello Anthony was named the tournament's most outstanding player. Only the third time a freshman has earned those honours.

Enough history, the game began like no one expected. The Orange offered a lesson Kansas didn't expect. Gerry McNamara can shoot anytime, anywhere. He had six three-pointers in the first half without a miss. Gerry made us all believe he could have lobbed full-sized pumpkins at the hoop and still kept sinking them. Just in case the NBA scouts were watching, the freshman gunner stepped behind the imaginary NBA three-pointer marker to show off a little. Anthony finished the game with 20 points, 10 rebounds. McNamara had 18 points all from the first half. From the tip-off it looked like the 'Cuse were the runaway favourites. Everything seemed to go right.

Kansas' seniors Nick Collison and Kirk Hinrich fought back against the athletic young Orangemen. In the second half, the lead evaporated. Collison battled the 2-3-zone defense to bring down 21 boards. I admit to being on the edge of my seat watching the Jayhawks climb back into the game and take a short lead.

On a bad wheel, Hinrich scored 16 points by taking shots with a determined confidence. He might have made the crucial game-tying bucket if it weren't for Syracuse forward, Hakim Warrick's outstretched arm. One could be critical of Hinrich since he had two chances to make the shot. On his first opportunity, he hesitated, allowing the defense to close in. In the end, the Orangemen came out on top to earn the NCAA National Championship. Many will now acknowledge Syracuse as a big-time basketball school. They may not have as many championships as North Carolina or Duke, but they have one, and in 2003 that is all that counts.

Canucks, A Step Better than Last Year

Flash Gordon
Sports Editor



Did anyone see that hit Bertuzzi laid on Salvadormat? Of course, virtually all of greater Vancouver, the Island, and the rest of British Columbia saw that hit except for a few hermits, who don't watch hockey and all those closet Leaf fans hiding amongst the rest of us normal people. Don't go thinking that we don't notice the displaced Torontonians. Game 1 of the Canuck Blues series left the world wondering, "Ou est le Canucks?" "Wo ist die Canucks?" "Where are the Canucks?" Chris Osgoode came out with a shutout. Whose sick twisted idea hatched that debacle? It's kind of like your Christmas presents; the batteries that it came with die very quickly and all that pent of excitement fizzles with the no name brand of power cell stuck inside your toy robot. Game two showed more life of the Nucks as they almost, almost, almost stole a shutout for Cloutier. Games three and four we lost. I say "we" because this affects all of us.

We expect the number four and five teams to be

close battles although the Canucks put a strain on the pacemakers of the elderly. No need to dwell on the past because the guys did pull through. The next three games showed the kind of play we expected from the guys. More penalties were called in this series than any other in the playoffs. Seemingly, the referees have it in for the Canucks, but both teams received a share of bad calls.

Amazingly enough the Minnesota Wild also recovered from being down in the series against the Colorado Avalanche. Anyone who claims to have predicted the outcome is lying. It is true that the Wild had a good season—spending part of the first half hanging out with the more elite crowd atop the NHL Western Conference but the Avalanche are a team loaded with seasoned playoff veterans. It marked a disappointing end to great seasons by Peter Forsberg and Milan Hejduk. Rumours are floating that this may be the last season for Colorado goalie, Patrick Roy. Arguably one of the best goalies ever to strap on the pads, Roy has

enough Stanley Cups so it's time to crown a new champ.

By the time this article reaches print, the Canucks and Wild series might very well be over. As it stands now, the Canucks are up in the series by a game. Their style of play had to be altered to match a more defensive team. The Wild are fighting the label of the underdog, as well as stirring things up on the ice. After losing on home ice, the Canucks are riled up to play more physical and defense-oriented game. Game three began with Brad May dropping the gloves to fight at the opening face-off. This sets the tone for the rest of the series. Canucks fans are jumping on the Minnesota bashing bandwagon, while the players themselves have more reserved comments lined with a building playoff hatred of the Wild. Game Four is Friday, May 1, 2003 in Minnesota. Stay glued to your televisions or radios. It will be a slobberknocker.

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